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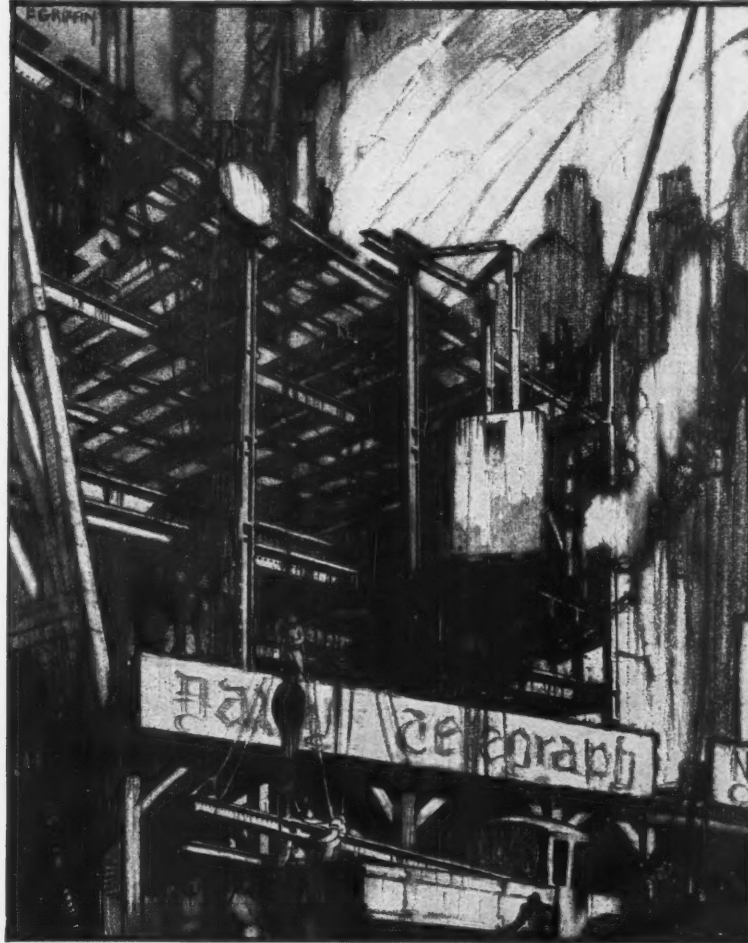
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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
PICTURES ON THE WALLS. By D. H. Lawrence	55	A NEW ENGLISH SCULPTOR. By Myras	92
HISTORIC BRITAIN	58	BOOKS:	
ARCHITECTURE IN THE ITALIAN PICTURES. By Raymond Mortimer ..	60	THE BOOK OF THE MONTH. Modern Decoration in France. By P. Morton Shand.	93
THE WATER GARDEN AT HACK-BRIDGE, SURREY. Designed by Stanley Hamp (Colcutt & Hamp)	69	Guide Italiano. By Adam Prosser ..	94
MELLS PARK, SOMERSET. The Residence of the Right Honourable Reginald McKenna. Sir Edwin Lutyens, Architect. By Christopher Hobhouse	73	A Measure of Form. By Vernon Blake ..	95
THE SÖNDERMARK CREMATORIUM AT FREDERIKSBERG, NEAR COPENHAGEN. Designed by Edvard Thomson and Frits Schlegel	79	PAINTING:	
A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE. By Nathaniel Lloyd. XVIII.—Late Seventeenth and Early Eighteenth Centuries. Sir Christopher Wren (continued)	83	Craftsman into Artist. By Raymond McIntyre	96
A FREE COMMENTARY. By Junius. ..	91	THE FILMS:	
		The Preposterous Rodent. By Mercurius ..	98
		CRAFTSMANSHIP	
		THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW SUPPLEMENT.	
		AT CLOSE RANGE. The head of Venus in the painting, <i>The Birth of Venus</i> , by Botticelli	100
		THE MODERN ITALIANS. By Yoi Maraini ..	101
		A CRAFTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO—XLV.	
		Modern Italian Glass	105
ANTHOLOGY : MARGINALIA : TRADE AND CRAFT : A LONDON DIARY			
Page 107	Page 107	Page lxxvi	Page lxxxii

Plates

THE MARTYRDOM OF S. LUCY. From a tempera painting on wood by Domenico Veneziano ..	Plate I	A FLORENTINE BIRTH SCENE. From a tempera painting on wood by Masaccio	Plate II
MELLS PARK FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens	Plate III		

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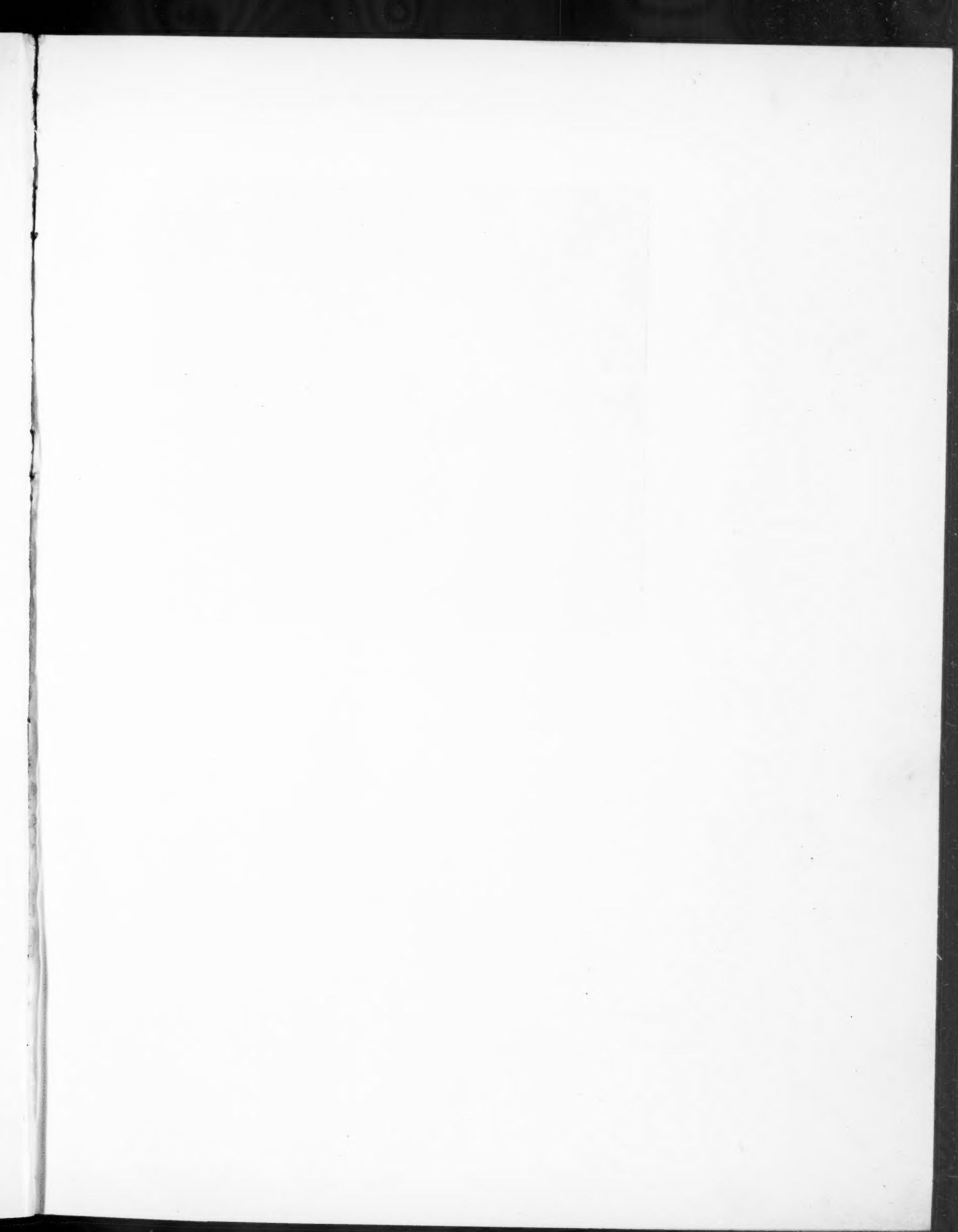
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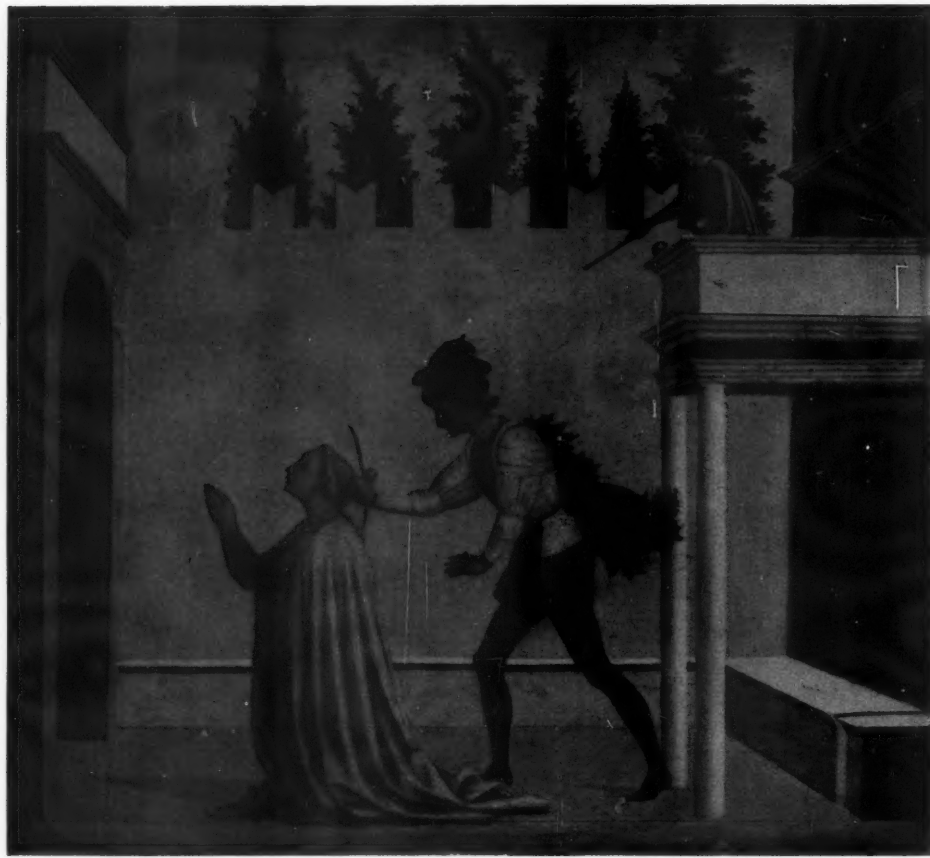


Plate I. February 1930.
THE MARTYRDOM OF S. LUCY.
*From a tempera painting on
wood by Domenico Veneziano.*

Pictures on the Walls.

By D. H. Lawrence.

WHETHER wall-pictures are or are not an essential part of interior decoration in the home seems to be considered debatable. Yet, since there is scarcely one house in a thousand which doesn't have them, we may easily conclude that they are, in spite of the snobbism which pretends to prefer blank walls. The human race loves pictures. Barbarians or civilized, we are all alike—we straightway go to look at a picture if there is a picture to look at. And there are very few of us who wouldn't love to have a perfectly fascinating work hanging in our room that we could go on looking at, if we could afford it. Instead, unfortunately, as a rule, we have only some mediocre thing left over from the past that hangs on the wall just because we've got it, and it must go somewhere. If only people would be firm about it, and rigorously burn all insignificant pictures, frames as well, how much more freely we should breathe indoors. If only people would go round their walls every ten years and say: Now what about that oil painting, what about that reproduction, what about that photograph? What do they mean? What do we get from them? Have they any point? Are they worth keeping? The answer would almost invariably be, No. And then what? Shall we say: Oh, let them stay! They've been there ten years, we might as well leave them! But that is sheer inertia and death to any freshness in the home. A woman might as well say: I've worn this hat for a year, so I may as well go on wearing it for a few more years. A house, a home, is only a greater garment, and just as we feel we must renew our clothes and have fresh ones, so we should renew our homes and make them in keeping. Spring cleaning isn't enough. Why do fashions in clothes change? Because, really, we ourselves change in the slow metamorphosis of time. If we imagine ourselves now in the clothes we wore six years ago, we shall see that it is impossible. We are, in some way, different persons now, and our clothes express our different personality.

And so should the home. It should change with us, as we change. Not so quickly as our clothes change, because it is not so close in contact. More slowly, but just as inevitably, the home should change around us. And the change should be more rapid in the more decorative scheme of the room—pictures, curtains, cushions—and slower in the solid furniture. Some furniture may satisfy us for a lifetime. Some may be quite unsuitable after ten years. But certain it is that the cushions and curtains and pictures will begin to be stale after a couple of years. And staleness in the home is stifling and oppressive to the spirit. It is a woman's business to see to it. In England especially we live so much indoors that our interiors must live, must change, must have their seasons of fading and renewing, must come alive to fit the new moods, the new sensations, the new selves that come to pass in us with the changing years. Dead and dull permanency in the home, dreary sameness, is a form of inertia, and very harmful to the modern nature, which is in a state of flux, sensitive to its surroundings far more than we really know.

And, do as we may, the pictures in a room are in some way

the key to the atmosphere of a room. Put up grey photogravures, and a certain greyness will dominate in the air, no matter if your cushions be daffodils. Put up Baxter prints, and for a time you will have charm; after that, a certain stuffiness will ensue. Pictures are strange things. Most of them die as sure as flowers die, and, once dead, they hang on the wall as stale as brown, withered bouquets. The reason lies in ourselves. When we buy a picture because we like it, then the picture responds fresh to some living feeling in us. But feelings change, quicker or slower. If our feeling for the picture was superficial, it wears away quickly—and quickly the picture is nothing but a dead rag hanging on the wall. On the other hand, if we can see a little deeper, we shall buy a picture that will at least last us a year or two and give a certain fresh joy all the time, like a living flower. We may even find something that will last us a lifetime. If we found a masterpiece, it would last many lifetimes. But there are not many masterpieces of any sort in this world.

The fact remains, there are pictures of every sort, and people of every sort to be pleased by them; and there is, perhaps, a limit to the length of time that even a masterpiece will please mankind. Raphael now definitely bores us after several centuries, and Michaelangelo begins to.

But we needn't bother about Raphael or Michaelangelo, who keep up their fresh interest for centuries. Our concern is rather with pictures that may be dead rags in six months, all the fresh feeling for them gone. If we think of Landseer or Alma Tadema, we see how even traditional connoisseurs like the Dukes of Devonshire paid large sums for momentary masterpieces that now hang on the ducal walls as dead and ridiculous rags. Only a very uneducated person nowadays would want to put those two Landseer dogs, *Dignity and Impudence*, on the drawing-room wall. Yet they pleased immensely in their day. And the interest was sustained, perhaps, for twenty years. But after twenty years it has become a humiliation to keep them hanging on the walls of Chatsworth or wherever they hang. They should be burnt, of course. They only make an intolerable stuffiness wherever they are, and remind us of the shallowness of our taste.

And if this is true of *Dignity and Impudence*, or Millais' *Bubbles*, which have a great deal of technical skill in them, how much more true is it of cheap photogravures, which have none? Familiarity wears a picture out. Since Whistler's *Portrait of his Mother* was used for advertisement, it has lost most of its appeal and become for most people a worn-out picture, a dead rag. And once a picture has been really popular, and then died into staleness, it never revives again. It is dead for ever. The only thing is to burn it.

Which applies very forcibly to photogravures and other such machine pictures. They may have fascinated the young bride twenty years ago. They may even have gone on fascinating her for six months or two years. But at the end of that time they are almost certainly dead, and the bride's pleasure in them can only be a reminiscent

PICTURES ON THE WALLS.

sentimental pleasure, or that rather vulgar satisfaction in them as pieces of property. It is fatal to look on pictures as pieces of property. Pictures are like flowers, that fade away sooner or later, and die, and must be thrown in the dustbin and burnt. It is true of all pictures. Even the beloved Giorgione will one day die to human interest; but he is still very lovely after almost five centuries, still a fresh flower. But when at last he is dead, as so many pictures are that hang on honoured walls, let us hope he will be burnt. Let us hope he won't still be regarded as a piece of valuable property, worth huge sums, like lots of dead-as-doornail canvases today.

If only we could get rid of the idea of "property" in the arts! The arts exist to give us pleasure or joy. A yellow cushion gives us pleasure. The moment it ceases to do so, take it away, have done with it, give us another. Which we do, and so cushions remain fresh and interesting, and the manufacturers produce continually new, fresh, fascinating fabrics. The natural demand causes a healthy supply.

In pictures it is just the opposite. A picture, instead of being regarded, like a flower or a cushion, as something that must be fresh and fragrant with attraction, is looked on as solid property. We may spend ten shillings on a bunch of roses, and throw away the dead stalks without thinking we have thrown away ten shillings. We may spend two guineas on the cover of a lovely cushion, and strip it off and discard it the moment it is stale, without for a moment lamenting the two guineas. We know where we are. We paid for æsthetic pleasure, and we have had it. Lucky for us that money can buy roses or lovely embroidery. Yet if we pay £2 for some picture, and are tired of it after a year, we can no more burn that picture than we can set the house on fire. It is uneducated folly on our part. We ought to burn the picture, so that we can have real fresh pleasure in a different one, as in fresh flowers and fresh cushions. In every school it is taught: Never leave stale flowers in a vase. Throw them away! So it should be taught: Never leave stale pictures on the wall. Burn them! The value of a picture lies in the æsthetic emotion it brings, exactly as if it were a flower. The æsthetic emotion dead, the picture is a piece of ugly litter.

Which belies the tedious dictum that a picture should be part of the architectural whole, built in to the room as it were. This is fallacy. A picture is decoration, not architecture. The room exists to shelter us and house us, the picture exists only to please us, to give us certain emotions. Of course there can be harmony or disharmony between the pictures and the whole *ensemble* of a room. But in any room in the world you could carry out dozens of different schemes of decoration at different times, and to harmonize with each scheme of decoration there are hundreds of different pictures. The built-in theory is all wrong. A picture in a room is the gardenia in my buttonhole. If the tailor "built" a permanent and irremovable gardenia in my morning-coat buttonhole, I should be done in.

Then there is the young school which thinks pictures should be kept in stacks like books in a library, and looked at for half-an-hour or so at a time, as we turn over the leaves of a book of reproductions. But this again entirely disregards the real psychology of pictures. It is true, the great trashy mass of pictures are exhausted in half-an-hour. But then why keep them in a stack, why keep them at all? On the other hand, if I had a Renoir nude, or a good Friesz flower-study, or even a Brabazon water-colour, I should want to

keep it at least a year or two and hang it up in a chosen place, to live with it and get all the fragrance out of it. And if I had the Titian *Adam and Eve*, from the Prado, I should want to have it hanging in my room all my life, to look at; because I know it would give me a subtle rejoicing all my life and would make my life delightful. And if I had some Picassos, I should want to keep them about six months, and some Braque I should like to have for about a year; then, probably, I should be through with them. But I would not want a Romney even for a day.

And so it varies, with the individual and with the picture, and so it should be allowed to vary. But at present, it is not allowed to vary. We all have to stare at the dead rags our fathers and mothers hung on the walls, just because they are "property."

But let us change it. Let us refuse to have our vision filled with dust and nullity of dead pictures in the home. Let there be a grand conflagration of dead "art," immolation of canvas and paper, oil-colours, water-colours, photographs and all—a grand clearance.

Then what? Then ask Harrod's about it. Don't, for heaven's sake go and spend twenty guineas on another picture that will have to hang on the wall till the end of time just because it cost twenty guineas. Go to Harrod's and ask them what about their Circulating Picture scheme? They have a circulating library—or other people have: huge circulating libraries. People hire books till they have assimilated their content. Why not the same with pictures?

Why should not Harrod's have a great "library" of pictures? Why not have a great "pictuary," where we can go and choose a picture? There would be men in charge who knew about pictures, just as librarians know about books. We subscribe, we pay a certain deposit, and our pictures are sent home to us: to keep for one year, for two, for ten, as we wish; at any rate, till we have got all the joy out of them, and want a change.

In the pictuary you can have everything except machine-made rubbish that is not worth having. You can have big supplies of modern art fresh from the artists, etchings, engravings, drawings, paintings; you can have the lovely new colour-reproductions that most of us can't afford to buy; you can have frames to suit. And here you can choose, choose what will give you real joy and will suit your home for the time being.

Now it is a tragedy that all these pictures with their temporary loveliness should be condemned to a premature dust-heap. For that is what they are. Contemporary art belongs to contemporary society. Society at large needs the pictures of its contemporaries, just as it needs the books. Modern people read modern books. But they hang up pictures that belong to no age whatever, and have no life and have no meaning, but are mere blotches of deadness on the walls.

The living moment is everything. And in pictures we never experience it. It is useless asking the public to "see" Matisse or Picasso or Braque. They will never see more than an odd horrific canvas, anyhow. But does the modern public read James Joyce or Marcel Proust? It does not. It reads the great host of more congenial and more intelligible contemporary writers. And so the modern public is more or less up-to-date and on the spot about the general run of modern books. It is conscious of the literature of its day, moderately awake and intelligent in that respect.

But of the pictures and drawings of its day it is blankly

unaware. The general public feels itself a hopeless ignoramus when confronted with modern works of art. It has no clue to the whole unnatural business of modern art, and is just hostile. Even those who are tentatively attracted are uneasy, and they dare never buy. Prices are comparatively high, and you may so easily be let in for a dud. So the whole thing is a deadlock.

Now the only way to keep the public in touch with art is to let it get hold of works of art. It was just the same with books. In the old five-guinea and two-guinea days there was no public for literature, except the squire class. The great reading public came into being with the lending library. And the great picture-loving public would come into being with the lending pictuary. The public *wants* pictures hard enough. But it simply can't get them.

And this will continue so long as a picture is regarded as a piece of property, and not as a source of aesthetic emotion, of sheer pleasure, as a flower is. The great public was utterly deprived of books, till books ceased to be looked on as lumps of real estate, and came to be regarded as something belonging to the mind and consciousness, a spiritual instead of a gross material property. Today, if I say: "Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* is a favourite book of mine," then the man I say it to won't reply: "Yes, I own a copy." He will say "Yes, I have read it." In the eighteenth century he would probably have replied: "I have a fine example *in folio* in my library," and the sense of "property" would have overwhelmed any sense of literary delight.

The cheapening of books freed them from the gross property valuation and released their true spiritual value. Something of the same must happen for pictures. The public wants and needs badly all the real aesthetic stimulus it can get. And it knows it. When books were made available, the vast reading public sprang into being almost at once. And a vast picture-loving public would arise, once the public could get at the pictures, personally. There are thousands of quite lovely pictures, not masterpieces, of course, but with real beauty, *which belong to today*, and which remain, stacked dustily and hopelessly, in corners of artists' studios, going stale. It is a great shame. The public wants them, but it never sees them; and if it does see an occasional few it daren't buy, especially as "art" is high-priced, for it feels incompetent to judge. At the same time the unhappy, work-glutted artists of today want, above all things, to let the public have their works. And these works are, I insist, an essential part of the education and emotional experience of the modern mind. It is necessary that adults should *know* them, as they know modern books. It is necessary that children should be familiar with them in the constant stream of creation. Our aesthetic education is become immensely important, since it is so immensely neglected.

And there we are: the pictures going to dust, for they don't keep their freshness, any more than books or flowers or silks, beyond a certain time; yet their freshness now is the breath of life to us, since it means hours and days of delight. And the public is pining for the pictures, but daren't buy, because of the money-property complex. And the artist is pining to let the public have them, but daren't make himself cheap. And so the thing is an *impasse*, simple state of frustration.

Now for Messrs. Harrods and their lending library—or pictuary—of modern works of art. Or, better still, an Artists' Co-operative Society, to supply pictures on loan or purchase to the great public. Today nobody buys pictures

except as a speculation. If a man pays a hundred pounds for a canvas, he does it in the secret belief that that canvas will be worth a thousand pounds in a few years' time.

The whole attitude is disgusting. The reading public only asks of a book that it shall be entertaining; it doesn't give a hang as to whether the book will be considered a great book five years hence. The great public wants to be entertained, and sometimes delighted, and literature exists to supply the demand. Now there is a great deal of delight in even a very minor picture, produced by an artist who has delicate artistic feeling and some skill, even if he be not wildly original. There are hundreds and hundreds of perfectly obscure pictures stuck away in corners of studios which would, I know, give me a real delight if they were hung in my room for a year. After a while they would go stale, but not nearly as quickly as a bunch of lilac, which yet I love and set with pleasure on the table. As a tree puts beauty into a flower that will fade, so all the hosts of minor artists, one way and another, put beauty and delight into their pictures that likewise will not last beyond their rhythmic season. But it is a wicked shame and waste that nearly all these pictures, with their modicum of beauty and their power of giving delight, should just be taken from the easel to be laid on the dust-heap, while a beauty-starved public doesn't even get a look at them. It is all very well saying the public should buy. A picture is cheap at £20, and very cheap at £10, and "given away" at £5. And the public is not only shy; it has a complex about buying any picture that hasn't at least the chance of turning out a masterpiece of ultimate extraordinary value.

It is all nonsensical and futile. The only way now is for the hosts of 'small artists to club together and form an Artists' Co-operative Society, with proper business intelligence and business energy, to supply the public with pictures on the public's own terms. Or for the shrewd business men of the world to take the matter up and make a profitable concern of it, as publishers have made a profitable concern of publishing books.

Instead of which we get these elaborate and expensive exhibitions of old masters, as in the present Italian exhibition, which are simply museum-stuff to the great public. The great public goes to see these old masters out of mere snobbery, because, principally, the ship-load was insured for fourteen million pounds. Fourteen million pounds! just imagine it! And that is what the great public sees in the wonderful Italian exhibition.

It is what the Italians themselves see in their old "masterpieces." Go through the Uffizi with an ordinary Italian from Rome or Milan, and he is bored stiff. All he will be able to say is: But they are worth millions!

It is perfectly natural. We don't ask the man in the street to sit down and read Milton or Ben Jonson or even Shakespeare. He can't—he is too bored. The whole point of view is utterly changed, and he can't "get it." In the same way, how many people will get anything at all out of Piero della Francesca's *Virgin and Child*, or Mantegna's, or Bellini's, except a sense of acute boredom, amounting to repugnance. These pictures, nowadays, are just for a few specially educated people. To the vast mass they are merely odious. And the vast mass only troops through the exhibition out of pure snobbery. It is really quite ridiculous to provide marvellous exhibitions of Luca Signorelli and Mantegna and Paolo Uccello for Cockney crowds.

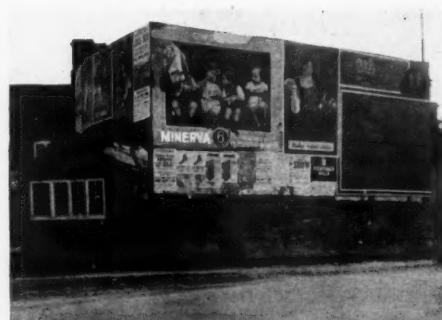


shire, where you will find the best that Britain can provide—



Historic Britain : *A few suggestions for the kind of guide which ought to be published by the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland in aid of the "Come to Britain" movement.*

Roast beef, Stilton cheese, beer, cricket, hunting, village greens, bar-parlours, the squire at the manor, immemorial elms—Come to Britain and see her rural life. Imbibe the beauties of old-world villages like Wolston, Warwick-



antique shops and a village green (diversified by a poster or two) ;

ancient cottages (not to mention the new ones opposite) ;

a wonderful old priory (not in a very good state of repair, for it is now a farm, and farming in England is temporarily, very temporarily, depressed) ;

a mill house (also rather the worse for wear—milling in England is temporarily depressed too) ;

immemorial elms and other trees on the manor estate (the new owner is naturally cutting them down and selling them for timber);

the manor house itself (indicated by rubble in the foreground, but the stables are still standing);



the fine old park with its temple (ruined);



and the exquisite eighteenth-century bridge (still more ruined).—Come to Britain, enjoy our English heritage, and observe with what discrimination we preserve these ancient beauties as well as



adding new ones of our own (the photograph shows the new factory, Wolston).



Architecture in the Italian Pictures.

By Raymond Mortimer.



THE Exhibition of Italian Art at Burlington House is a triumph for those who organized it, a triumph all the greater because of the unhelpful attitude adopted throughout by the authorities of the Royal Academy. These gentlemen are given rent free the only large exhibition building in London, and exploit this monopoly according to their own caprices. London needs an *Ausstellungs-Gebäude*, such as most German cities possess. And if these privileges cannot be curtailed, privileges which the academicians do so little to justify, a new building must be made. There is no reason why it should prove uneconomic. It is easy to understand that most of the academicians do not approve of the exhibition of works so opposed in principle to their own. Perhaps it was to placate them that the Italian Government sent



Above.

A MIRACLE OF SAINT CLARE.

By Giovanni di Paolo.

Below.

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF
ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI.

By Ambrogio Lorenzetti.

the deplorable objects in the nineteenth-century room. It is difficult otherwise to explain how so proud a people as the Italians could come to advertise the degeneration of their art. The more so, as they could have proved that Italian art did not expire with the eighteenth century by exhibiting some works by Modigliani, Severini, and Chirico.

Before passing to the subject of this article I should like to mention a few of the great surprises of the exhibition, chosen from pictures which are unfamiliar to those who have studied Italian painting in all the public galleries of Europe. The first is a *Madonna* attributed to Cimabue (4 in the catalogue). This reminds one of some of the recently exhibited icons in the extreme beauty and modernity of its colour-scheme. Indeed, it recalls Matisse. Then there is 14, the work obviously of a very great painter; if it be not by Giotto, he must have had an equally inspired contemporary whose name is unknown to us. Next comes the Sassetta (64), one of the most charming pictures in the show, and 91, a superb example of one of the rarest as well as one of the greatest Florentines, Castagno. Botticelli's *La Derelitta* (117) is a disappointment, but the Yale Pollaiuolo (123) is an astonishing work, with a foreground painted in an impressionist technique quite bewildering in a Quattrocento picture. Lord Harewood's Titian (169), which has not been exhibited since 1911, is a superb example of the master in his later (if not last) manner, and the Duke of Wellington's Correggio (183) is a remarkable example of an unpleasant religiosity being made tolerable by the sheer beauty of the painting. The Tura from Modena (212) is a surprise even to those who have seen it before, for it has been magnificently cleaned, and the Bramantino

(220) on the same wall is perhaps the most singular work in the exhibition. If I had seen it in a room, I should have supposed it to be the work of some very up-to-date Parisian. Piero di Cosimo is represented by several unfamiliar works: 234 is a masterpiece, and 235 is oddly suggestive of German influence—the figure on the extreme right might have been painted by a pupil of Cranach. The Philadelphia Cima (289), with its charm and freshness, proves once more the exhilaration with which the Italian masters made their occasional escapes from Christian subjects. Mr. Pierpont Morgan has lent a newly-discovered portrait by Tintoretto of his Moorish servant (335), a superb example of Venetian colour, and the same artist's study for his great Brera picture (391) is another exciting novelty. Lord Spenser's *Supposed Portrait of Ignatius Loyola* (739) is one of the puzzles of the exhibition; the attribution to Titian is improbable. May not the painter as well as the subject be a Spaniard? 760 is interesting because in it Pompeo Batoni is evidently trying to paint a Gainsborough and failing lamentably. On the other hand, the *Portrait of a Dominican* (776) is one of the finest portraits in the show, and will come as a revelation even to those who know Ghislandi's work at Bergamo. The Duke of Richmond's Canalettos (789 and 792) are superb, but it was, I think, one of the few mistakes made by the Hanging Committee to put them next the same artist's picture from Windsor, which is in a class apart.

Finally, it is fascinating to see the great Edinburgh Tiepolo (178) hung next to the piece some vandal cut off it; the enormous superiority of the original composition is immediately apparent.

The subject, however, of this article is architecture in Italian painting, and what I want to discuss is not the light some of these pictures throw on the contemporary practice of architecture, but the use made of architecture by painters for their particular purposes. If one were to select the two most conspicuous qualities of Italian painting, they would be, I think, balance and solidity. The Italians have excelled in architecture just as signally as in the other visual arts. Indeed, it is just this which distinguished them from the Flemings and the Dutchmen. Perhaps as a result, the great Italians all approached the composition of a picture as if it were a building. Human beings are disposed like columns and buttresses, and the resultant picture is an edifice well based upon its foundations and secure in its equilibrium. Moreover, like all great architects, they compose in terms of mass and space. Italian painting is almost always three-dimensional. The ground-plan, so to speak, in these pictures is as carefully designed as the façade. *The School of Athens* is a supreme example of this; a structure with semicircular ends and two projecting wings is erected on a T-shaped site. (In this case the structure is human and the site defined by the architecture.) Signorelli's *Education of Pan*, at



THE ATTEMPTED MARTYRDOM OF SAINTS COSMES
AND DAMIAN UNDER THE PRO-CONSUL LYSIAS.
By Fra Angelico (called Giovanni da Fiesole).



THE FEAST IN THE HOUSE OF LEVI. A Predella Panel
with the Legend of St. Mary Magdalen.
By Botticelli.

Berlin, is another magnificent example. The staves and pipes held by the figures make a scaffolding for the picture; and the design is equally inspired whether one regards it in two or in three dimensions. Indeed, one of the greatest problems that the painter has to solve is how to make his lines equally rhythmical as arabesques upon the surface and as perspective indications of receding planes. In this case the main design is semicircular both in elevation and in plan. Again, in pictures with landscape backgrounds the earth and even the sky have to be included in this "pictorial architecture" (I owe the term to Mr. Roger Fry), and we see, in the Ancona Titian at Burlington House, the clouds playing their due constructive part in the picture's

elaborate symmetry. It has been suggested that if representation is not an essential part of a picture, one might just as well hang all pictures upside down. But this is not true of even the most abstract paintings, any more than it is of a building. A Raphael Madonna does not, I think, depend for its æsthetic appeal upon either our piety or our love of feminine beauty (indeed, the sentiment in Raphael's pictures is usually rather antipathetic to modern taste). But if it is hung upside down, it becomes as absurd as an inverted pyramid would be in architecture.

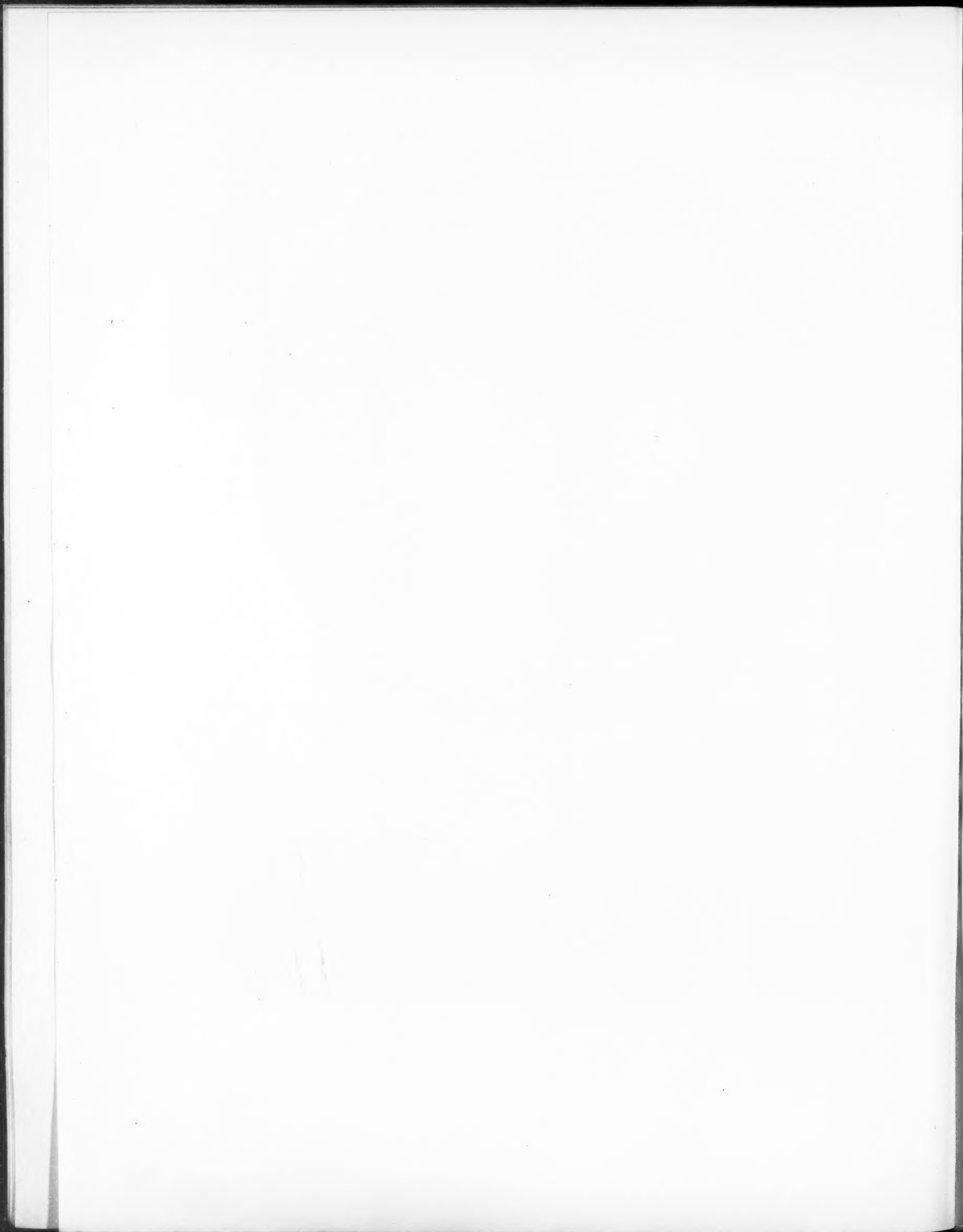
Designing pictures on these architectural principles the Italian painters naturally found the representation of buildings very valuable to their compositions. This is particularly

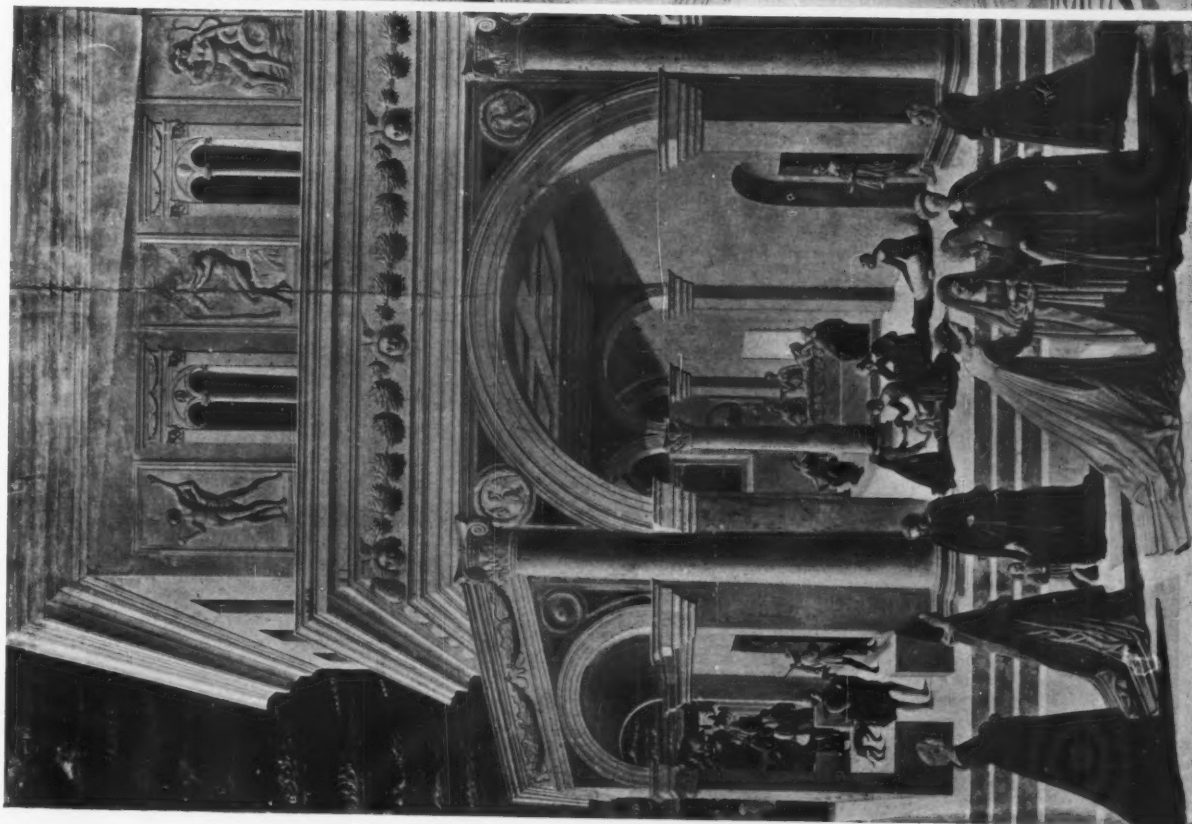


NOLI ME TANGERE. A Predella Panel with the Legend
of St. Mary Magdalen.
By Botticelli.

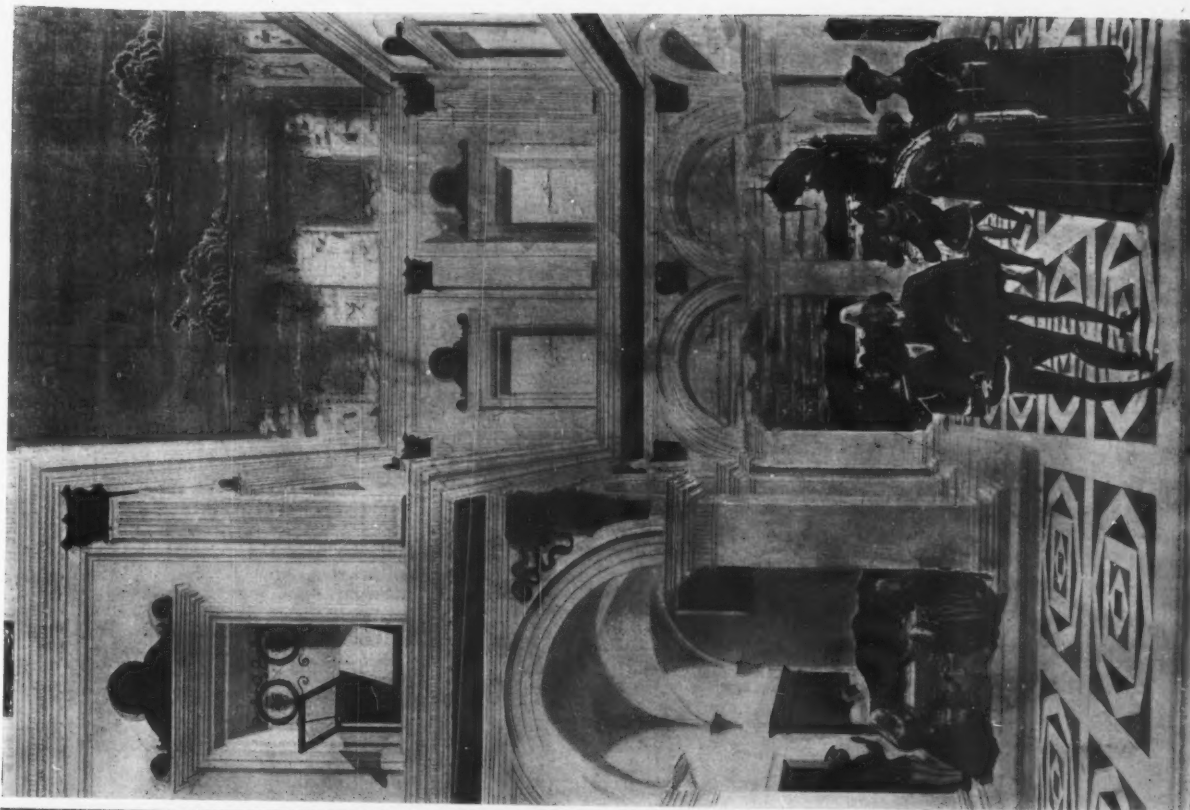


Plate II. February 1930.
A FLORENTINE BIRTH SCENE.
*From a tempera painting on wood by
Masaccio.*





THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN. By Fra Carnevale (Bartolommeo Corradini).



THE BIRTH OF ST. BERNARDINO. By Fiorenzo di Lorenzo.

ARCHITECTURE IN THE ITALIAN PICTURES.

marked in the earlier pictures; for as virtuosity increased, and texture in the use of paint was elaborated, it became possible to employ drapery or mere unspecified "background" instead of walls as part of the picture's architecture. The increasing interest in landscape also made the representation of buildings less usual. But the great decorators like Veronese and Tiepolo continued to use architectural subjects as settings for their scene. But here a distinction becomes necessary. The true "architectural picture" appears quite early in Italian art—that is to say, the picture in which the representation of architecture is the

was inspired by some drawing he had seen of it.) But the ideal use of architecture in Italian painting is better exemplified by Leonardo's *Last Supper*. Here the door at the back is of almost theological significance. The billowing figures of the disciples break against the Christ, but at the same time He is set apart from them by the semicircular form behind Him. The two windows and the six dark spaces formed by carpets or tapestries hung at calculated intervals upon the walls impose a symmetrical repose upon what would otherwise be too turbulent a scene. The architecture is entirely subservient to the picture; the absence of orna-



THE ANNUNCIATION.
By Domenico Veneziano.

principal interest. In the two pictures from Perugia (116 and 125) Fiorenzo di Lorenzo shows himself a predecessor of Pannini. And of a similar order are the two pictures from the Barberini Gallery (111 and 114), attributed to a very vague figure called Fra Carnevale, who is, I believe, supposed to have assisted Piero della Francesca in his great Brera altarpiece. The figures in these four pictures, particularly in the latter pair, are beautifully drawn and grouped, but the pictures remain merely, though magnificently, decorative. Ruins were fashionable in the time of Pannini and Hubert Robert, but the fifteenth century had a passion for newness. So the architecture in Fiorenzo di Lorenzo and Fra Carnevale is in the smart new style inaugurated by Brunelleschi. (It is noticeable that the Renaissance spirit appeared in architecture considerably earlier than in painting.) I do not suggest that these pictures are mere architectural fashion-plates, but they are not wholeheartedly pictorial. They are, in fact, the "dining-room pictures" of the Quattrocento.

It must never be forgotten that the Italian painters were intensely interested in architecture. Indeed, most of the very greatest Italians from Giotto to Bernini practised all three visual arts. The temple in the background of Raphael's *Sposalizio* is not only an integral part of the pictorial design, but in itself a noble piece of architecture. (Anyone, I think, who has seen the Mosque of Omar must wonder if Raphael

ment is complete. I cannot help believing that Leonardo in this picture was consciously following the example of Botticelli. But before discussing this painter, who excelled everyone in his use of architecture, I must return for a minute to his predecessors.

Italian painting in its beginnings was inseparable from architecture; the easel-picture hardly existed. Very early an architectural background became regular in altarpieces, the figures being situated as it were in a little chapel under an arch. But the two arts appear from the first in painful competition. Giotto's frescoes at Padua make a most unhappy general effect, though as individual paintings they have never been surpassed. (An interesting comparison is with the Sistine Chapel to which Michelangelo's frescoes gave an architectural distinction which it did not previously possess.) Giotto used the representation of architecture very effectively and frequently, but the exhibition naturally contains no examples of this use. I must therefore go straight to Masaccio, the link, as it were, between Giotto and the Renaissance. The Tray from Berlin (190) is one of the most astonishing masterpieces in the exhibition. The architecture is rather elaborate, but it is no longer fanciful, as in the Sienese pictures. Indeed, it is derived from Brunelleschi's courtyard in the Spedale degli Innocenti at Florence. (Mr. Alan Clutton Brock, whose admirable pamphlet on Italian painting has just been published by Faber and



A MIRACLE OF ST. SYLVESTER.
By Francesco Pesellino.

Faber, has pointed out a very interesting fact: Masaccio has painted the beginning of a supporting rod which goes right across the courtyard and which never could have existed. Presumably he wished to continue the emphasis upon the horizontal stripes afforded by the rods in the central arcade.) Perhaps the most astonishing feature of this picture is that though it is so small, the figures appear monumental, almost larger than life. Moreover, though there are fifteen of them, they are not in the least crowded, and any amount of air circulates around them. This is achieved, I think, by the painter's use of the architecture, which occupies the whole upper half of the picture and the lower quarter of it, as well as intervening among the figures. The construction of so grave a harmony out of such a complicated system of curves and rectangles reveals a genius, I think, which not even Raphael ever surpassed.

Domenico Veneziano is probably not as well known an artist as he should be. He is as charming as he is original,

and in no way does he manifest his genius more brilliantly than in his representation of architecture. He does not use the buildings that he sees, he invents exactly what he requires. The Cambridge *Annunciation* depends enormously on the elegant building which is its setting, and it is important to notice that the centre of the architecture is not the same as the centre of the picture. This device is used by other painters, and gives great freedom of rhythm to the composition. The Berlin *Martyrdom of S. Lucy* (129) is even more remarkable. Here the architecture is of the simplest order, like stage scenery. But the arch on the left and the porch and long seat on the right are even more important than the figures, while the machicolated wall provides a beautifully lit backcloth. The Dublin *Fra Angelico* (83) is one of the master's happiest inventions. Here again the simple stonework at the back provides an ideal setting, while the buildings on the left make the spectator aware of the continuance of space.



A LEGEND OF ST. ANDREW.
By Bartolommeo di Giovanni.

ARCHITECTURE IN THE ITALIAN PICTURES.



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE MAGDALEN. A Predella
Panel with the Legend of St. Mary Magdalen.
By Botticelli.

One word on Piero della Francesca. The purely architectural painting (509)—if, indeed, it is by Piero—is inferior to the similar picture in Berlin, and the actual buildings are rather clumsy. But the disposition and lighting go to make a beautiful harmony. *The Flagellation* (143) is perhaps the most magical of all Piero's pictures. It defies analysis. It possesses the sheer quality which makes it, as it were, a representation of some more perfect world. Here is all the sensuous beauty of a Vermeer with the intellectual distinction of a fifteenth-century Italian in addition. In the composition of this spell the architecture is a principal ingredient, and no doubt much of its majestic potency comes from the severely rectangular lines of the buildings.

Botticelli's delicacy as a poet in paint, his invention of a feminine type of extraordinary wistfulness and fragility,

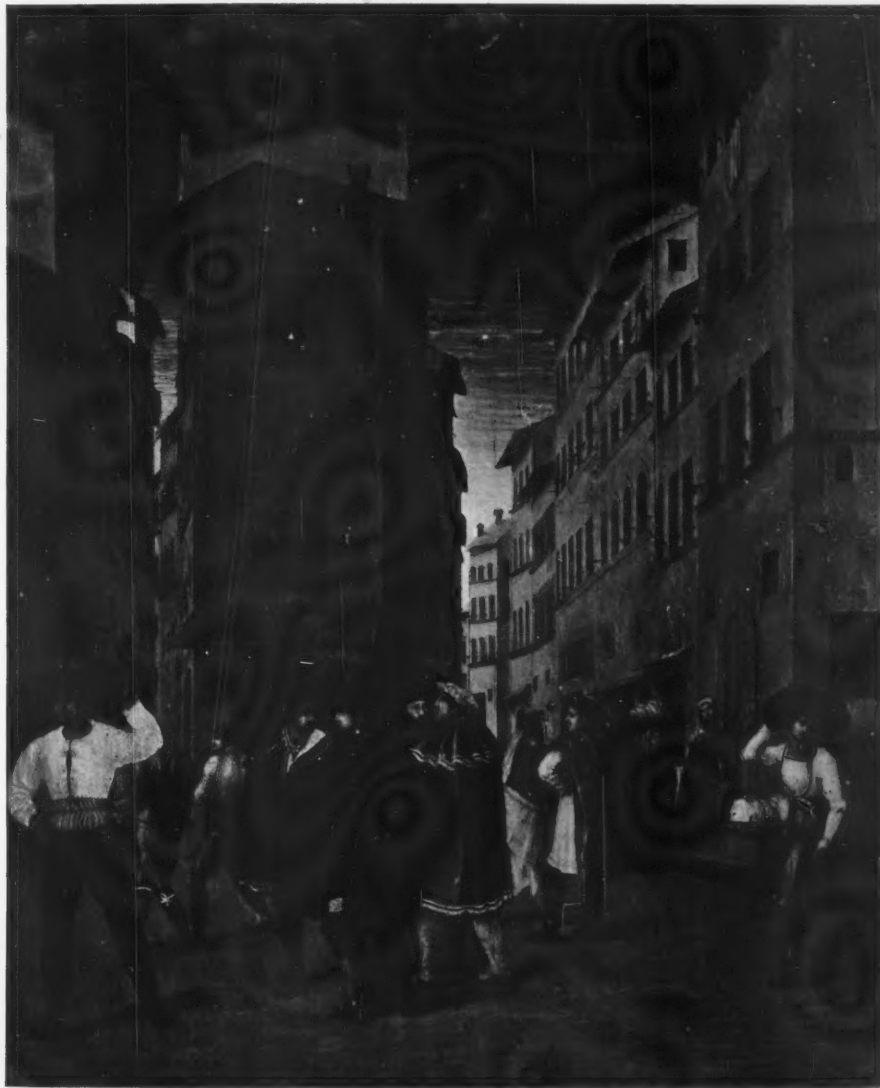
the infinite refinement of his sensuality, have endeared him to all sophisticated people from Pater's time onwards. This, and the Oriental elegance of his draughtsmanship, could not but disguise sometimes the fact that in the originality of his compositions he is unsurpassed. The exhibition at Burlington House reveals his almost incredible genius in the use of architecture. I am not referring to the *Wedding Feast* (135). This comes near to being a "dining-room picture," and even if it was painted by the master, merely formed a part of the decorations for a wedding. Nor do I refer to the *Calumny*, which eventually seems to me a failure, just because the architecture is too elaborate and competes with the figures instead of abetting them. But look at the miraculous panels from Philadelphia (188a and b, 191a and b). I do not know anything more original in the whole



CHRIST PREACHING. A Predella Panel with the
Legend of St. Mary Magdalen.
By Botticelli.

of Italian painting. The picture of *Christ Preaching* is perhaps the most remarkable. Two pillars divide the work into three sections, yet the group of listeners forms a solid quarter of a sphere behind one of these columns. The Magdalen stands dramatically apart, and in the left section there is no figure, but the painter redresses the equilibrium

shade upon plain surfaces. Botticelli uses this simple form with inconceivable virtuosity, making marvellous music of them. But the patterns remain three-dimensional, and I think these pictures have a lesson for architects as well as for painters. A remarkable similar use of architecture is found in the Liverpool *Miracle of St. Andrew*. If Bartolommeo



STREET SCENE, FLORENCE.
By Francesco Ubertini Bacciacca.

with a tight-rope walker's audacity by the simple means of a shadowed wall. *The Feast in the House of Levi* is hardly less astonishing. Again the figures are to the right, and a delicate variation on rectangular architectural themes redresses the balance. The chapel in *The Last Moments of the Magdalen* plays an equally important part, and so does the garden wall in the *Noli Me Tangere*. In these pictures the architecture is extraordinarily bare of ornament. Le Corbusier's houses are hardly more austere. The whole harmony depends upon the spacing and proportions of the windows and doors, together with the variety of light and

di Giovanni is really responsible for this dazzling composition, he must have studied Botticelli's work with extreme intelligence. (The buildings in the St. Zenobius panels, two of which are in the National Gallery, are also extraordinarily elegant, though rather more elaborate. Botticelli, I fancy, could have been as sublime an architect as he was a painter.)

The truth is that the Italians had an unparalleled instinctive understanding of classic principles in architecture. Exquisite as are the arabesques of the early Renaissance, the Italians of that age rarely gave way to that interest in

ARCHITECTURE IN THE ITALIAN PICTURES.

ornament for its own sake which produced about the same time the plateresque churches of Spain and the Henry VII chapel at Westminster. (Venice is, of course, an exception.) Our academic architects seem to suppose that they are employing the classical style when they pepper a façade with Corinthian columns, swags, rams' heads, and pediments. But the essence, I conceive, of classical architecture is its dependence upon design in mass, and its relative independence of ornament. The Italians never accepted Gothic

in which once more the architecture divides the picture asymmetrically. There are the Mantegnas, with their curious and detailed doll's house cities; and the Cima (274), to which the oddly varied architecture gives a most unusual ground-plan. But I must end with the Berlin *Portrait of Ugolino Martelli* (742). The National Gallery *Venus* proves Bronzino a designer of the greatest originality and science. This portrait has for its background the courtyard of the Martelli Palace, represented as far as I know very



PORTRAIT OF UGOLINO MARTELLI.
By Agnolo Bronzino.

because Gothic was not so much a true architecture as an engineering method of exhibiting stained glass and sculpture in the most effective way. In architecture, as in painting, they never made the parts more important than the whole.

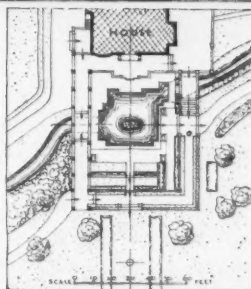
There are numerous other pictures in the exhibition in which architecture plays its part. There is the Neroccio (63), with its faithful representation of contemporary Siena. There is the Ambrogio Lorenzetti (66), with its pretty wayward buildings. There are the extraordinary works by Giovanni di Paolo (61 and 927-932), with their perspective tartan fields and improbable constructions. There are Lord Crawford's Signorellis (248 and 249), in which the artist has placed steps diagonally across the picture-space to create the recession he required. There is the Pesellino (104),

faithfully, but each detail, from the bracket on the right to the top left-hand window occupies exactly the right place in the composition. The complete success of this picture is a triumph of intellectual forethought.

Never, not even in nineteenth-century France, has the stream of great painting run so strongly as it did in Italy from the time of Giotto to that of Bronzino. At its fullest flood, that is to say in fifteenth-century Florence, visual and man-made beauty still takes our breath away. And it was all new. If we could emulate instead of imitating, could study the principles instead of copying the details of this period, we might have architecture instead of having Regent Street. The painters have learnt this lesson. Could not the architects?



Above. The terrace of the water garden at Hackbridge, Surrey, designed for W. J. Mallinson, Esq. Centre. The lay-out plan of the garden.



Below. The sunk water garden, pergola and herbaceous walk. Stanley Hamp (Collcutt and Hamp), Architects.





Above. Looking towards the bridge and pergola, in the water garden at Hackbridge, Surrey. Below. The terrace end of the pool, Stanley Hamp (Collcutt & Hamp), Architects.



The lake at the end of the herbaceous border to the water garden at Hackbridge, Surrey. Stanley Hamp (Collcutt and Hamp), Architects.

Photo by Sigurd Fischer



The entrance to Film Centre, Ninth Avenue, 44th-45th Streets, New York. Buchman and Kahn, Architects.

Mells Park, Somerset.

The Residence of the Right Honourable Reginald McKenna.

Sir Edwin Lutyens, *Architect.*

By Christopher Hobhouse.

MELLS PARK, which was burnt down in 1917, faced south on to a gentle upward slope, and westward down a steep incline to a picturesque little lake of its own. It was a good-sized house, and surrounded a courtyard on three sides. In 1924, Sir Edwin Lutyens began to rebuild it for Mr. Reginald McKenna. The whole colonnade of the courtyard was retained, but only two wings of the original house have been rebuilt. The main body of the building being to the south, and the servants' wing to the west, means that the courtyard is no longer central. The fall of the ground puts the first floor of the west wing on a level with the ground floor of the south, while the servants' ground floor gradually becomes a basement the farther south it goes.

At first sight the design of the front with its unbroken rows of windows, seven along and four across, seems to indicate a monotonous plan, divided into twenty-eight perfect squares. But it does not take long to discover that while the pilasters of the south front are only eight feet apart, those on the east and west are nine feet two and a half inches apart, so that the units of the plan are not squares but oblongs, thus giving a pleasing variety to the proportions of the rooms. These twenty-eight units are economically used. The library and drawing-room take up six apiece; the dining-room, morning-room and stairs four apiece; while four are left over for the pantry and hall. It was decided that the dining-room, as marked on the plan, was too good a room for mere meals, so that food is now carried across the hall to what the plan calls the garden-room. Apart from this it is an unexceptionable plan. The change of axis is carried out with the least possible loss of symmetry, and there is no nonsense about the stairs, which proceed upwards at the satisfactory gradient of one in two.

Upstairs there is the same economical simplicity of plan, though the actual accommodation is small. As for the attic, it seems a pity to have sacrificed the integrity of such a roof, however unobtrusively, for the sake of a couple of bedrooms that might have been added on to the west wing. Before leaving the interior of the house, I should like to

make one obvious criticism. Almost the whole of the interior decoration has been carried out to the designs of Sir Herbert Jekyll, who has enjoyed himself too much. He has been lured on from fireplace to door, and from door to ceiling, until the individually excellent details defeat their own purpose and tend to produce that feeling of bewilderment one experiences in a decorator's showroom.

The exterior of the house is open to little criticism. Apart from the dormer windows on the west, my only complaint is that the lintels of the windows contrast with the rest of the stone, both in size and texture. The north front compensates for a certain lack of beauty by a display of dazzling ingenuity.

Taken as a whole the house presents a perfect blend of dignity and simplicity. Without its graceful pilasters, it would be deprived not only of its dignity, but also of apparent adequate support to the stone roof. The discrepancy I have already mentioned, in the distance apart of these pilasters, is carried out without any of those signs of apology or shame which so often spoil over-scrupulous work. The coved cornice gives just the feeling of homeliness which this Order lacks in its more orthodox form. As for the roof and chimneys, one can only envy their lavish, unerring proportions. Sir Edwin Lutyens is seen at his best in this sort of straightforward country house, in which classical ornament has not been stuck on like a coat of paint, but incorporated from the beginning as a governing factor of the design.

Before I go on to generalize about Sir Edwin Lutyens, I must explain in justice to myself why I was asked to do so. My views have no value of their own, but they may help to dispel a common notion that the "younger generation" as a whole under-estimates Sir Edwin's achievements. A great many of them undoubtedly do, but only as a pose, or to save themselves the trouble of taking him into consideration. No normal person could dip into the late Sir Lawrence Weaver's volume of his work without feeling that this is a veritable Golconda of architectural treasures. Nobody can examine one of Sir Edwin's buildings either in town or in the country without noticing something in its

MELLS PARK.

reticent proportions of a quite uncanny beauty, with often some purely architectural felicity thrown in to give food for the mind as well as the senses. For though Sir Edwin is sometimes ugly he is never dull, and the solutions he provides for the most baffling difficulties make one thankful that the difficulties existed. This combination of intellectual and æsthetic appeal puts Sir Edwin's work in a class by itself: for though many architects fall back on ingenuity when beauty fails them, he usually manages to blend the two. But Sir Edwin's much-praised sense of proportion and inventiveness in design are only offshoots of his fundamental gift—the fundamental gift which makes a man an architect—of thinking in three dimensions, of taking cubic feet into account with all the concentration, and none of the liberty, of the sculptor. By looking at the plans and elevations of any building it is possible to tell which had precedence in the architect's mind; but when

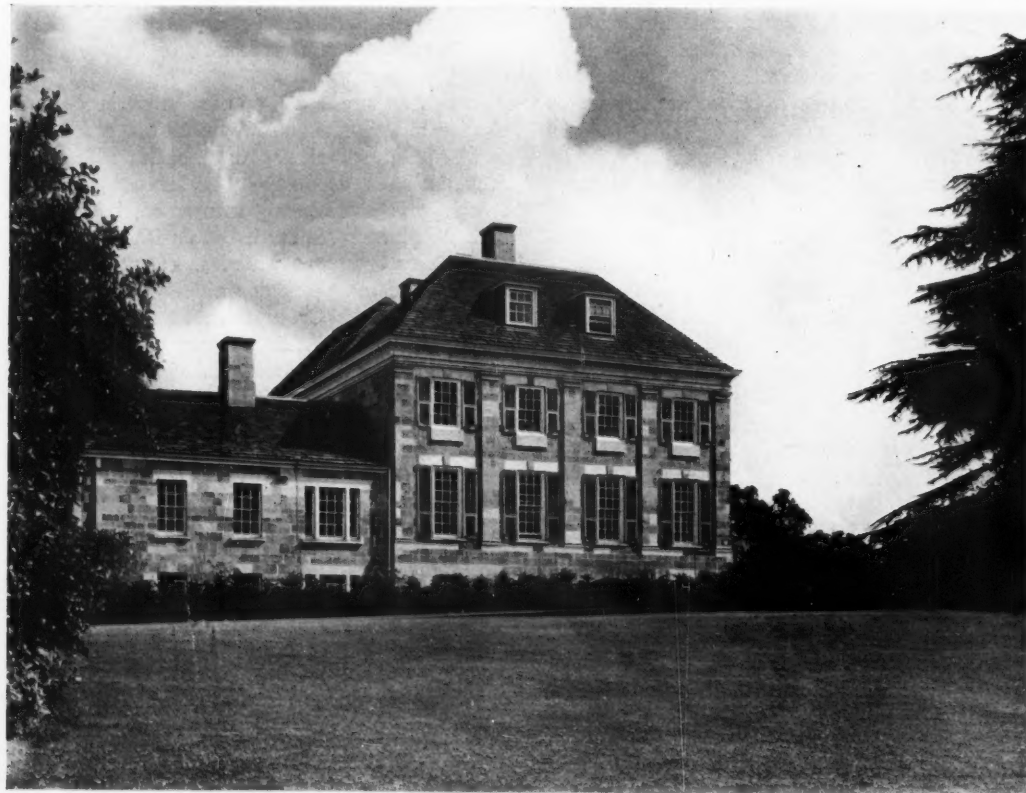


The
MAIN (NORTH) ENTRANCE
from the
Entrance Courtyard.

it is plain that neither plan nor elevation had precedence, that the two grew up harmoniously and logically together, then the building acquires a merit far greater than the sum of the merits of plan and elevation. The whole beauty of the building is greater than the beautiful parts of which it is customarily composed. This is a merit which is found in almost all of Sir Edwin's work, and so long as it is there it is irrelevant to criticize any other point of detail or principle.

I probably spend as much time as anyone in defending Sir Edwin Lutyens from cheap criticism, and I find that people have definitely given up comparing the Cenotaph to a chimney, and are even getting tired of describing the water-tanks on the roof of Grosvenor House as "unnecessary."

Criticism is mainly diverted against Britannic House, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's Renaissance palace in Finsbury Circus.



The WEST FRONT.

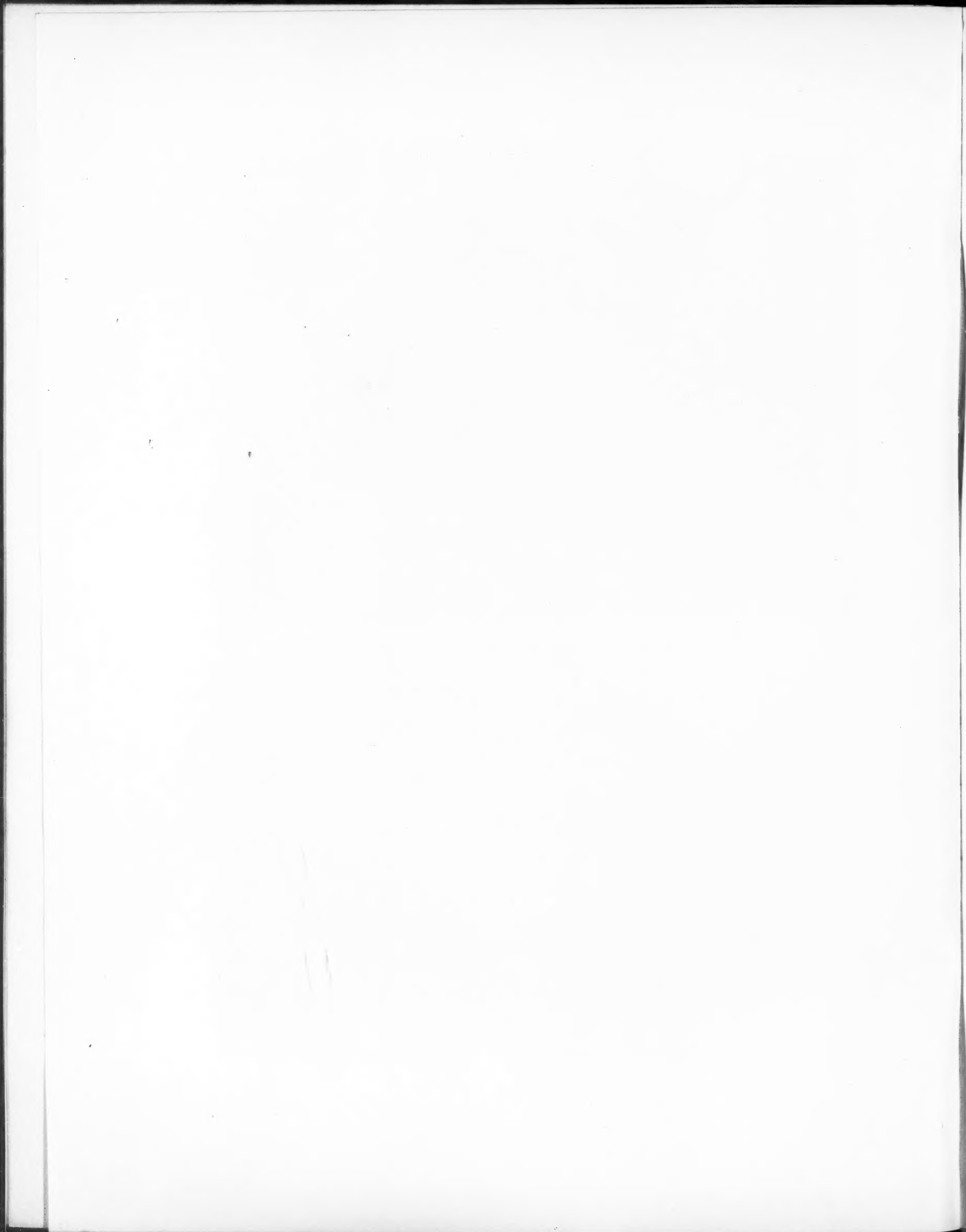


Plate III.

MELLS PARK, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.
Sir Edwin Lutyens, *Architect*.

February 1930.

The walls are built of Bath stone. For the facings and quoins old stone from the original building was re-used as far as possible, and the new stone supplied for the entrance doorway was obtained from the same quarry. The window shutters are stippled in myrtle green on a lighter ground. The coved cornice is of plaster with a wood moulded gutter above and a stone string below. The roof is covered with grey tiles.





The GARDEN ENTRANCE from the South Terrace.

MELLS PARK.



From
the
SOUTH-WEST.



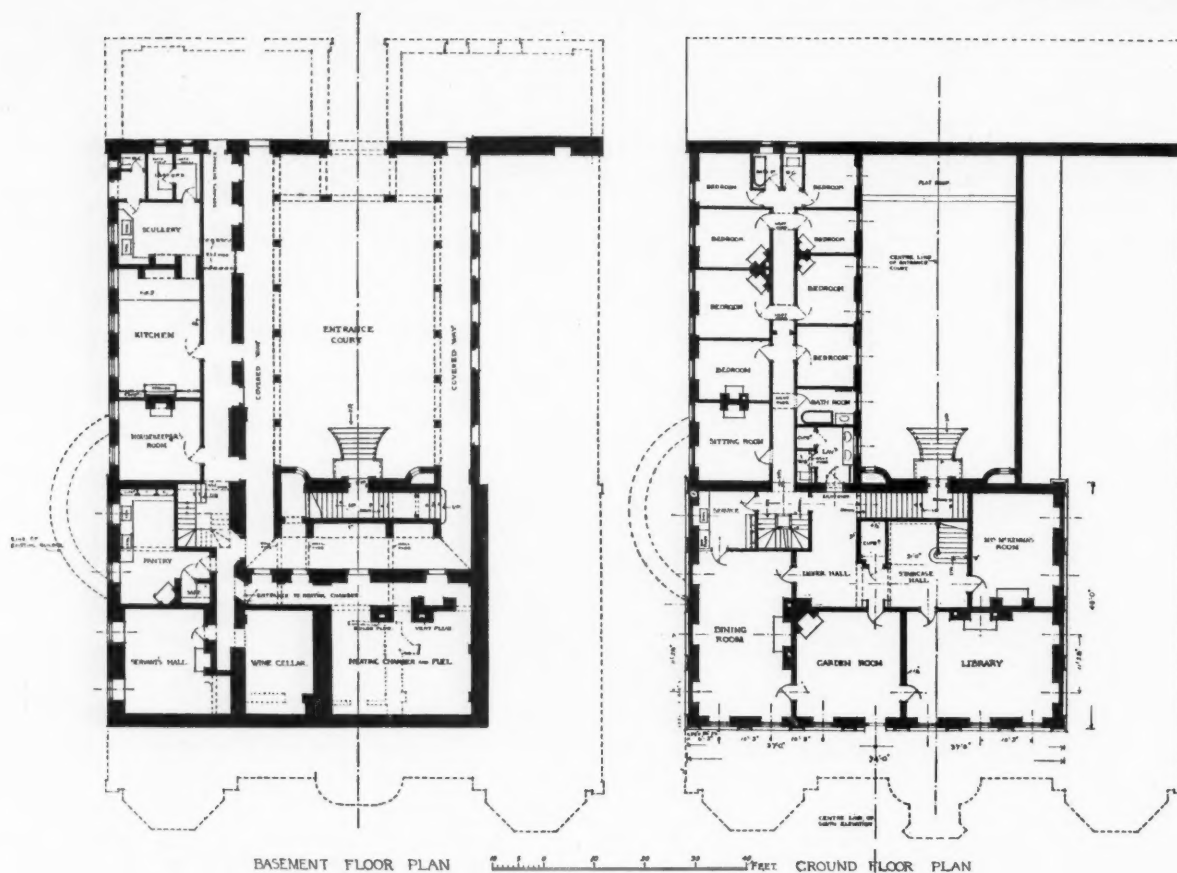
The *DRAWING ROOM*.—The walls are panelled in plaster. Smooth finished Austrian oak was used for the panelled dado and floor, and white and green Italian marble for the fireplace designed by Sir H. Jekyll. The

ceiling is decorated with plaster enrichments, and varnished with colours of shaded parchment. The illumination of the room is obtained entirely by flood lighting the pictures on the walls.



The *LIBRARY*.—The doors, architraves, floor and skirtings are in Austrian oak. Blue silk brocade was used for the window hangings. The elaborated plaster

ceiling is stippled and varnished with pale blue and cream shadings. The fireplace is carried out in Portland stone.



But the Anglo-Persian Oil Company paid the piper, and presumably called the tune. If they demanded a fancy-dress building, it was not for their architect to refuse. I only wish that the directors and shareholders of the company in question had the courage to apply their magnificent ideas nearer home, and would parade the drab city streets in scarlet cloaks and cardinals' hats, relegating the bowler to the more prosaic occupants of Adelaide House.

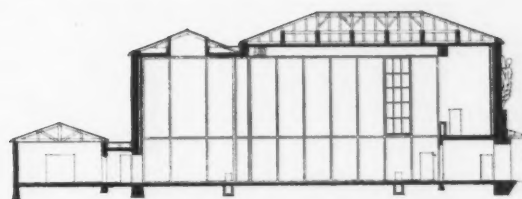
As a palace its intrinsic merits are so obvious that even the unfortunate individual whose office is lit by a semicircular fanlight at floor-level is said to regard himself as a martyr in a worthy cause. Indeed, if at the end of his day's work he spurned the lift in favour of the exquisitely detailed stairs, he might well emerge upon the graceful crescent of Finsbury Circus under the illusion that he was embarking upon the Grand Canal, and that those waiting motor-cars were so many gondolas lapping at their painted poles.

On a fine spring morning the trees and grass provide an admirable setting for the curved front, while nobody could fail to appreciate the straight fronts to Moorgate and West Street—how, while retaining complete affinity with the main front, they have assumed a solemnity of their own, as though they were anxious to disown their frivolous brother round the corner, like a man who has just suppressed a loud and untimely burst of laughter.

It is possible to defend, and even idealize, any Lutyens building in much the same way. The same methods will have to be used in defence of his cathedral at Liverpool twenty years hence, without a doubt. But personally I am waiting for the time when the critics will be silenced for good and all: for when the whole body of Sir Edwin's work is collected and published, without comment, but with all the specifications, in ten or twelve fat volumes, they will realize the truth of the remark, I forget whose, that he is the modern counterpart of that erratic but inexhaustible artist, Shakespeare.

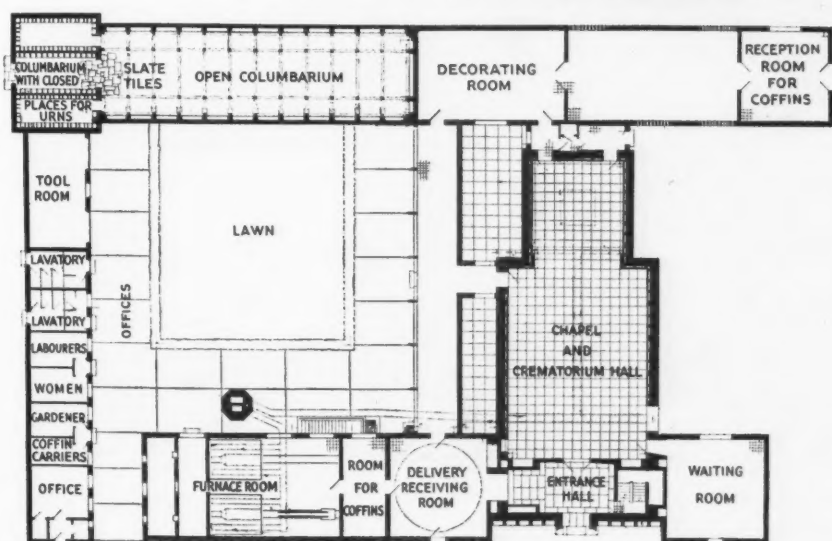
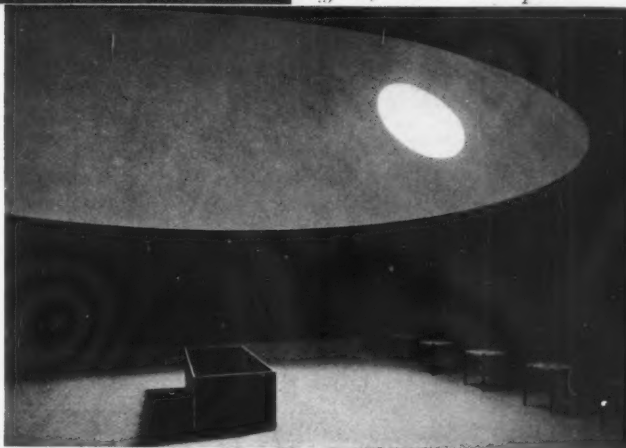


The STAIRCASE HALL. The floors, stairs, dado, turned balusters, and square-panelled newels are all in smooth figured Austrian oak. The plaster panels of the walls are finished in parchment colour and varnished.



bricks, the deep red colour of which was obtained by the use of special clay. The sculpture, so happily introduced on the entrance front, was carved in granite by Professor Utzon Frank. The illustrations on this page show the longitudinal section of the building, a view from the lawn, the receiving room for coffins, and the plan.

The Söndermark Crematorium at Frederiksberg, near Copenhagen, is the work of Edvard Thomson and Frits Schlegel, whose design was successful in a competition, with eighty-one competitors, organized by the municipal authorities of Frederiksberg. The building occupies an area of some 2,200 square metres. It is built of

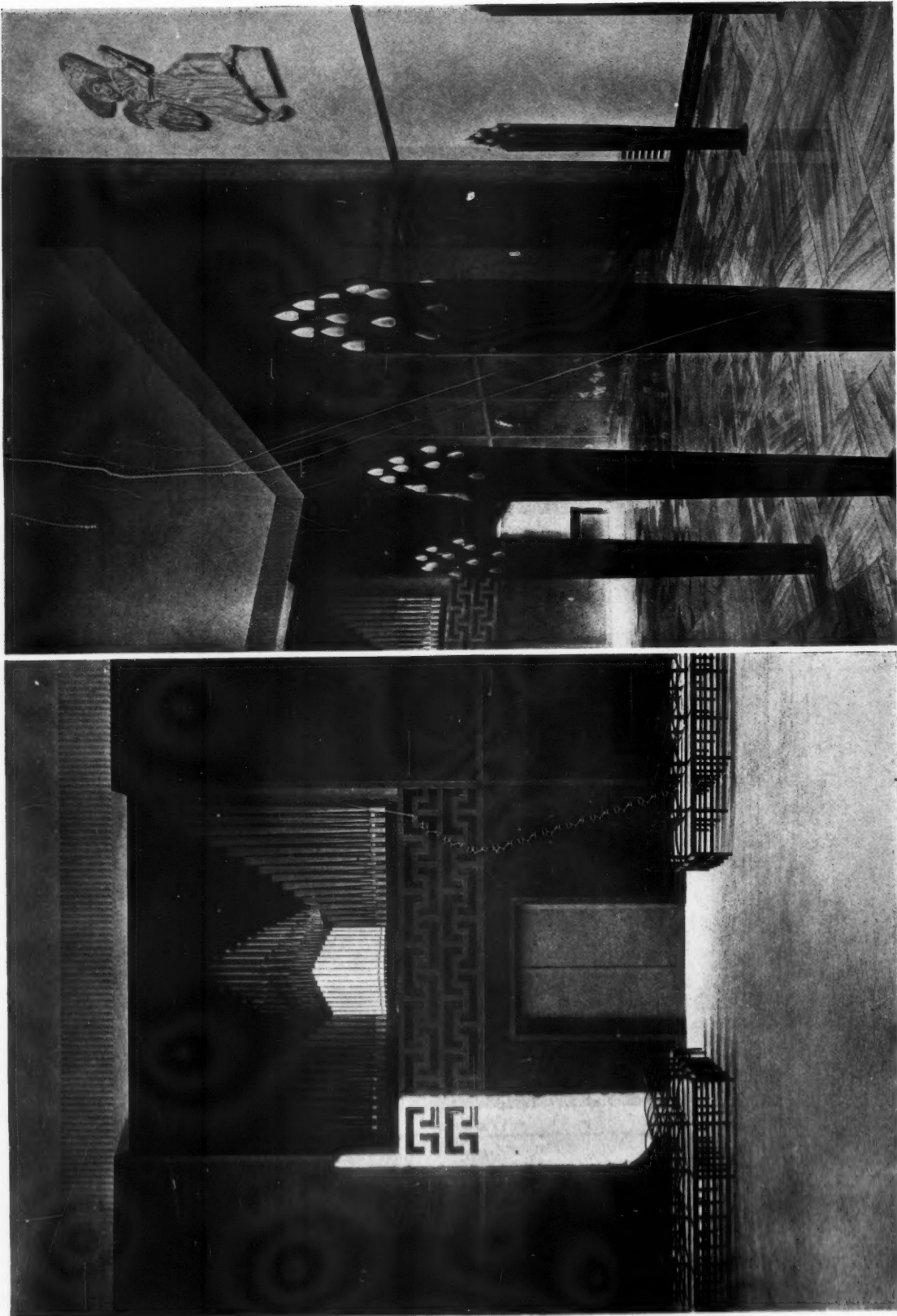




The main entrance to the crematorium at Søndermark, Denmark. Edvard Thomson and Frits Schlegel, Architects. The doorway is of bronze ; the angel above it was carved in granite by Professor Utzon Frank.



The chapel hall of the crematorium at Søndermark, Denmark. Edvard Thomson and Frits Schlegel, Architects. The polished black surface of the walls is divided by large sections of yellow stripes.



Left. The chapel hall of the crematorium at Søndermark, Denmark, showing the organ above the entrance. Right. Candelabras in the chapel hall. Edward Thomson and Frits Schlegel, Architects.

A History
of
The English House.

By Nathaniel Lloyd.

XVIII.¹—Late Seventeenth & Early Eighteenth
Centuries.

Sir Christopher Wren (*Continued*).



FIG. 387. All the
woodwork in the
salon is contem-
porary with the
house; so, too,
is the elaborate
carving over the
fireplace. The mar-
ble mantelpiece,

c. 1680.

FIG. 387.—Ramsbury Manor, Wiltshire.

King: Charles II.

however, and the
delicately moulded
plaster ceiling, are
in the style of
c. 1770. Work of
several periods is
frequently found
in old interiors
and blends sur-
prisingly well.

KINGS:

CHARLES II ... 1660-1684
JAMES II ... 1684-1688

WILLIAM AND MARY 1688-1702
ANNE ... 1702-1714

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THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

FIG. 388. *Fir panelling was often painted or grained in imitation of oak, and such imitations are found in rooms side by side with contemporary oak panels. In the bedroom at Denham Place the panelling is of fir, painted; the panels around the fireplace are carved. The fire-grate is of the late eighteenth century. The bed is in the manner of the same period as the panelling.*



c. 1690

William and Mary.

FIG. 388.—Denham Place, Buckinghamshire.

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c. 1700.

William and Mary.

FIG. 389.—A house in High Street, Cullompton, Devonshire.



c. 1701.

FIG. 390.—Chicheley Hall, Buckinghamshire.



William and Mary.

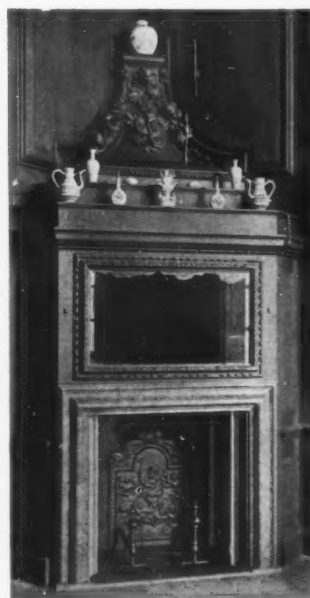
FIG. 391.—Chicheley Hall, Buckinghamshire.

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FIG. 390. The screen under the gallery (which connects the first-floor rooms at each end of the house) divides the entrance hall from the back, or staircase, hall. FIG. 391. The door case and panelling are in a manner current twenty-five years after the date attributed to the house, and may be early examples, or have been put in at a later date. The panelling is inlaid with mahogany, cedar, etc. The panels are recessed, but their fields are raised; there are no bolelection mouldings as usually employed in panelling of the Wren period. The mirror is a fine example of the late eighteenth century. FIG. 392. The treatment of the panel moulds shows that this corner fireplace with china steps



c. 1690.

William and Mary. c. 1700.

FIG. 392.—Hampton Court Palace.



William and Mary.

FIG. 393.—Drayton House, Northants.

the battle of Poitiers, paid "Denys de Lombart, de Londres, charpentier, pour la façon de 4 fenestres pour la chambre du Roy en la Tour de Londres. Cest assavoir; pour le bois des 4 chassis, 3s. 2d."¹

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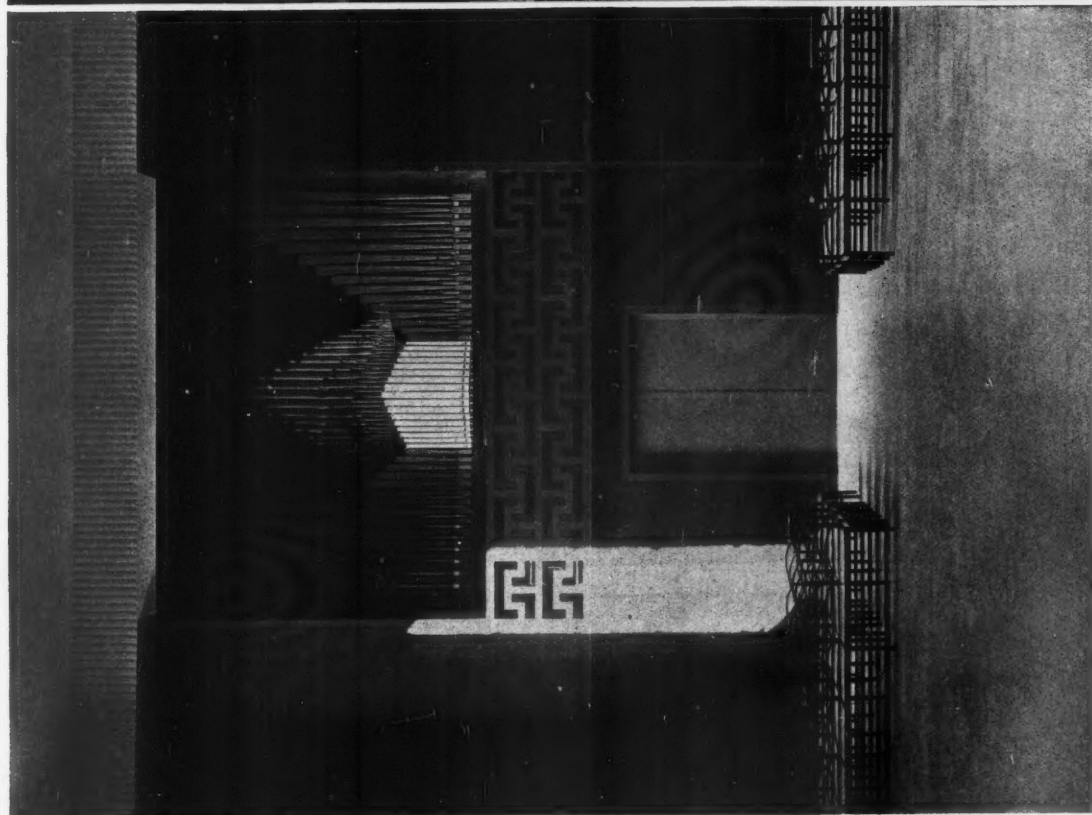
"In wages to two workmen (carpenters) making and fixing sashes."²

In 1519 William Horman wrote: "I have many prety

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over, in the King's Dressing Room, was designed for the position in which it stands. The chief characteristic of fireplaces of this period is the wide marble bolelection moulding round the opening. (For details of the mouldings in this room, see FIG. 398.) Corner fireplaces afforded opportunities for over-mantel designs, including china steps. FIG. 393. The corner fireplace in the Duchess of Norfolk's closet has a marble bolelection moulding, and the wainscot is decorated with the sunk panels which both preceded and superseded the raised and fielded panels. The ceiling decoration is contemporary and all the woodwork is painted. The floor is inlaid with fine parquetry.



Left. The chapel hall of the crematorium at Söndermark, Denmark, showing the organ above the entrance. Right. Candelabras in the chapel hall. Edward Thomson and Frits Schlegel, Architects.

A History
of
The English House.

By Nathaniel Lloyd.

XVIII.¹—Late Seventeenth & Early Eighteenth
Centuries.

Sir Christopher Wren (*Continued*).



FIG. 387. All the
woodwork in the
salon is contem-
porary with the
house; so, too,
is the elaborate
carving over the
fireplace. The mar-
ble mantelpiece,

c. 1680.

FIG. 387.—Ramsbury Manor, Wiltshire.

King: Charles II.

however, and the
delicately moulded
plaster ceiling, are
in the style of
c. 1770. Work of
several periods is
frequently found
in old interiors
and blends sur-
prisingly well.

KINGS:

CHARLES II ... 1660-1684
JAMES II ... 1684-1688

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c. 1690.

William and Mary. c. 1700.

FIG. 392.—Hampton Court Palace.



William and Mary.

FIG. 393.—Drayton House, Northants.



c. 1690.
FIG. 394.—Denham Place,
Buckinghamshire.



William and Mary. c. 1690.
FIG. 395.—Wilsley House, Cranbrook,
Kent.



William and Mary. c. 1690.
FIG. 396.—Hampton Court Palace,
Sir Christopher Wren, Architect.

Reproduced by gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

FIG. 394. The library is panelled in oak, with recesses for book shelves. All the mouldings are enriched by carving. Although there are neither columns nor pilasters the proportions of the Order have been observed; the dado rail represents the pedestal-cap, and above this two panels occupy the approximate height of a column; then comes the entablature-frieze and cornice. Such orderly design in paneling should be compared with the haphazard proportions illustrated in FIG. 258. FIG. 395. Although pictorial paintings on panels were unusual, it was a common practice to paint paneling in flat tints of green, stone, brown, etc. Here is an illustration of bolection-moulded paneling. The framing is painted in an imitation of grey-green marble; the panels with representations of scriptural subjects, that illustrated being the Legion miracle. The paintings appear to be the work of a Fleming or German. FIG. 396 shows the door case, window shutters, and dado panel in the King's Drawing Room, the authorship

wyndowes shette with leuys goynge up and downe."¹

In 1699 Lister, in his *Journal of Paris*, tells how he was shown over a house at Montmartre by the owner, who "showed us his great Sash Windows; how easily they might be lifted up and down, which contrivance he said he had out of England by a small model brought on purpose from thence there being nothing of this poise in windows in France before."²

In 1686-88 (Accounts of Windsor Castle) is the entry, "Sarah Wyatt for a Sash Window and Frame, with

¹ *Vulgaria*, p. 244.

² Lister, *Journey to Paris*, 8vo, 1669, p. 191.



c. 1690.
FIG. 397.—Hampton Court Palace, Middlesex.
William and Mary.

of which makes them particularly interesting. The bold bolection moulding of the door frame is enriched with carving. The door and shutter panels are raised and fielded. FIG. 397. The naturalistic treatment of decorations which is marked in plasterwork was no less notable in wood. The entirely new treatment by surrounding panels with elaborately carved foliage, flowers, arms, birds, animals, trophies—in fact with almost every conceivable object—was introduced. Although sometimes the carving was in oak, it was more frequently done in some soft wood such as lime or pear and was of extraordinary delicacy and beauty. Such work is associated with the name of Grinling Gibbons, who worked for Hugh May at Cassiobury and at Windsor Castle, and for Wren at St. Paul's Cathedral and at Hampton Court Palace, as did other carvers like William Emmett, who produced similar work; but Grinling Gibbons was pre-eminent. The picture illustrates an example of Grinling Gibbons's carving applied to the frame moulding.

Weights, Lynes and Pulleys."¹

This is the earliest record of a sash window hung with

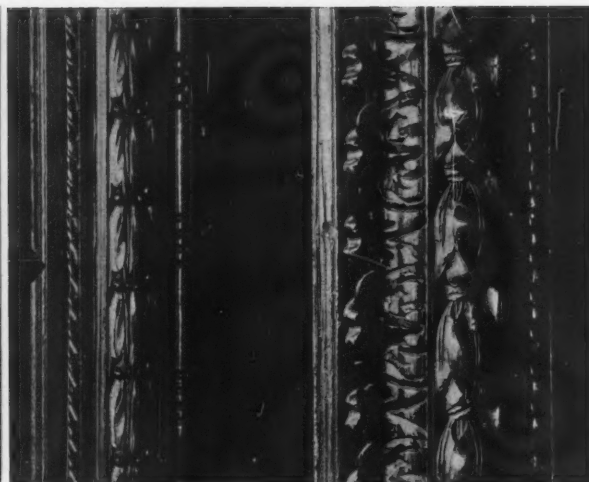
weights, lines and pulleys, but it is probable that an earlier type was not hung in this manner, for in decayed houses of the early eighteenth century sash windows are still to be found which never had weights, but were supported when open by an iron quadrant pivoted on one corner so that another corner could be turned into a notch in the bead. In these windows the upper sash was fixed; only the lower one

¹ *Windsor Castle*, by W. H. St. John Hope, p. 329.



c. 1690.

William and Mary. c. 1690.
FIG. 398.—In the King's Dressing Room at Hampton Court Palace.



William and Mary.

FIG. 399.—Denham Place, Buckinghamshire.

FIG. 398. Details of an oak door architrave with enriched mouldings in the King's Dressing Room; an excellent example of the craftsman's skill in carving. FIG. 399. A detail of an oak door architrave (see FIG. 394). The mouldings are enriched with carving which is crisp and direct as it came from the tool, but may be compared with the more highly finished work at Hampton Court (FIG. 398). FIG. 400. Details of bolecion mouldings with raised and fielded panels, all in walnut veneers, cross-banded with an inlaid border to the panel. The sash window is of an early type. FIG. 401. A detail of carving in limewood in the manner of—and probably by—Grinling Gibbons, a native of Rotterdam.

moving up and down. Such windows are referred to by Dr. Johnson as current in Scotland in the late eighteenth century. He says:—

"Their windows do not open upon hinges, but are pushed up and down in grooves, yet they are seldom accommodated with weights and pullies. He that would have the window open, must hold it with his hand, unless, what may be found amongst good contrivers, there be a nail which he may stick into a hole to keep it from falling."¹

If we ignore occasional medieval windows made to be raised we may safely conclude that the modern sash window, whether weighted or not, came into use in England between 1680 and 1690. Its origin, at present, is unknown, but apparently it was not a French invention, and the suggestion that it was introduced into England from Holland lacks confirmation.

¹ Johnson's Works, 1792, vol. viii, p. 231.



c. 1694.

William and Mary. c. 1694.
FIG. 400.



William and Mary. c. 1694.
FIG. 401.



William and Mary. c. 1694.
FIG. 402.

Evelyn, who introduced Gibbons to May and to Wren, describes (1683) Gibbons's work at Windsor as "stupendous, and beyond all description the incomparable carving of our Gibbons, who is without controversie the greatest master both for invention and rarenesse of work that the world ever had in any age." In this example, the boy's hair is remarkably represented in limewood, as also are the feathers below the head. Such realism has never been surpassed. FIG. 402. Details of bolecion mouldings with raised and fielded panels, almost identical with those illustrated in FIG. 400, which they adjoin, but in this instance they are in oak and are not cross-banded or inlaid.

Prior to the last quarter of the seventeenth century, casement windows were universally used in England. Unfortunately seventeenth and eighteenth century draughtsmen seldom represented their window openings as furnished with frames, leaving them void, but occasionally frames and glazing are shown. A drawing of a house façade amongst the Wren

drawings shows mullion and transom wooden frames, filled with lead lights, which would open as casements¹ and all seventeenth-century drawings that show window frames are of this type—I do not know any that illustrate sashes. Once introduced, sash windows rapidly superseded casements, as in the Tudor buildings at Hampton Court Palace when these were altered to provide lodgings for the household

¹ B.M. Soane Collection 5238, No. 66. Illustrated in Wren Society, vol. v, plate xxvii.



c. 1685.

FIG. 403.—Brickwall, Northiam, Sussex. King: Charles II. c. 1701.

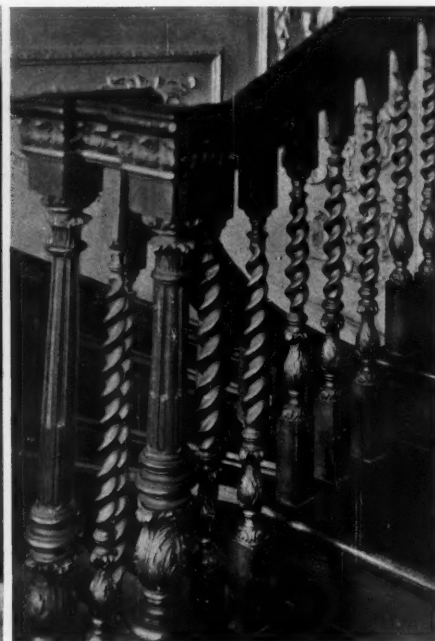


FIG. 405.—Mompesson House, Salisbury. William and Mary

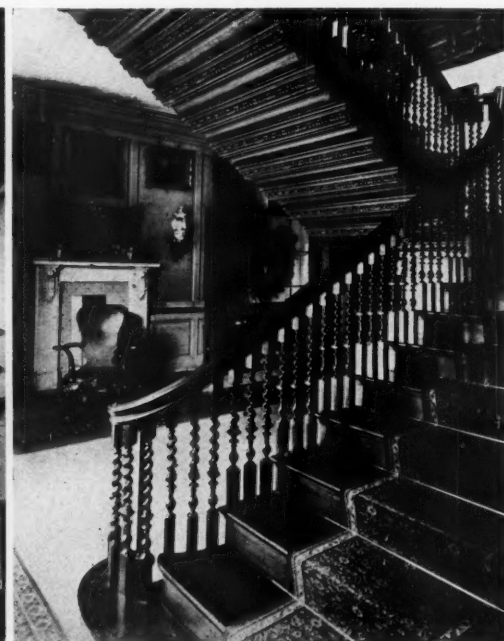
FIG. 403. The staircase and panelling are of fir, painted. The stairs have square newels with flat cappings. The handrail is wide and flat, and as the balusters are all the same length the spandrels of the ramp are filled with triangular panels. The balusters are sturdily substantial with "barley-sugar" twists and stand on a closed string. FIG. 404 shows a walnutwood staircase with the Charles II stout twisted balusters standing on the steps—there is no string (as at Brickwall, FIG. 403) except for the balustrade on the wall side, which looks clumsy by comparison. The handrail is narrow and there are no newel posts. FIG. 405. In the eighteenth century there was a change in the design of stair balustrades. Newels were

slighter, being often only twice as thick as a baluster. Balusters, too, were more slender and three stood on each stair; there was no closed string. The handrail was still flat and fairly wide. Enrichment with carved acanthus leaf is found in the best examples, but the tendency was towards plain turned work. FIG. 406. The profiles of the brackets at the ends of the steps of this staircase are projected along their soffits and these mouldings are carved with acanthus leaves, etc. There are slight newel posts; the balusters are all "barley-sugar" twists, but are not carved, and there is no string. The handrail is flat and still fairly broad. This staircase may be compared with those in FIGS. 403-4-5.



c. 1700.

FIG. 404.—Drayton House, Northants. William and Mary.



c. 1714.

FIG. 406.—Bradbourne, Larkfield, Kent. King: George I.

FIG. 407. The tendrils in the plaster ceiling over the staircase were modelled upon lead with plaster whilst it was still soft, and were twined into position before the plaster set; the lead may now be seen where the plaster has broken off. This is an extreme example of the naturalistic forms given to plaster at that time. Sometimes amorini were actually suspended clear from ceilings as pendants, by this type of lead wire. FIG. 408. This plaster ceiling is divided into many compartments. The centre contains a trophy of musical instruments; each angle game-birds; and the four squares in the corners, representations of the seasons. The coving is filled with sporting and fishing scenes in relief, with shells bearing armorial charges in the centre of each side. The ceiling and some armorials are coloured; the scenes in the cove are white. FIG. 409. Painted ceilings—allegorical subjects combined with current scenes (of the British Navy) and scenes in which the patron



c. 1685.

William and Mary.

FIG. 407.—Brickwall, Northiam, Sussex.

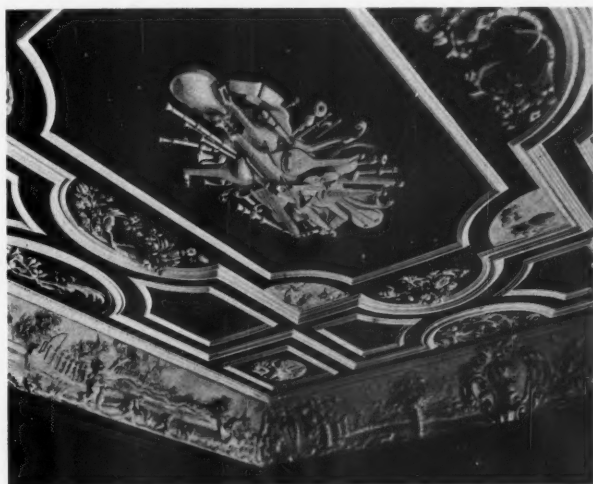
(in this case, Queen Anne) appeared—are found in many houses of the first third of the eighteenth century. Other decorations and pictorial paintings done in the palace were by Sir James Thornhill and by Robert Streater the sergeant painter, who also undertook ordinary painters' work. This practice of painting ceilings with scenes and life-size figures did not escape contemporary criticism, of which the following are typical instances:—

"Great Verrio's hand hath drawn
The gods in dwellings brighter than
their own."—Thomas Tickell.

And, less complimentary,
"On painted ceilings you devoutly
stare

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and
Laguerre."—Alexander Pope.

FIG. 410. The plaster ceiling of the entrance hall is the work of a country plasterer. The free and natural treatment of fruit, flowers, and foliage may be compared with the closely packed handling of those in FIGS. 346-7.



c. 1693.

William and Mary.

FIG. 408.—Denham Place, Buckinghamshire.



Built 1694. Painted ceiling and walls by Verrio, 1704.

FIG. 409.—The Queen's Drawing Room, Hampton Court Palace.

of King William and Queen Mary in 1699. What probably facilitated the alteration was the fact that the proportions of the window openings for the mullion and transom casement frames (2-1 and 2½-1) was admirably adapted for sashes either in equal halves—or having a larger upper half that the meeting stiles might not be on the eye line. Fig. 362, of Rampyndene, Burwash, shows the original type at first floor and the casements introduced later at ground floor.

At Hampton Court Palace (Fig. 356) it may be noted that Wren varied the sizes of his glass squares to obtain effects of scale. The glass used here was slightly bevelled: some faintly



c. 1699.

William and Mary.

FIG. 410.—Rampyndene, Burwash, Sussex.

tinted, mauve and pink shades.

Occasionally we find records of the practice of filling in the spaces under floorboards between joists with cockleshells, to absorb sound vibrations. In Hampton Court Palace accounts, September 1691, is the entry,

"Labourers clearing the floors between the joysts and filling them with cockleshells."¹

At Pepper Harrow, in 1777,

"All the floors both on the principal story and attick to be filled between the joists with cockleshells."²

(To be continued.)

¹ Wren Society, vol. iv, p. 50.

² "Memorandums relating to the finishing of the House at Pepper Harrow," quoted by H. Avray Tipping in *Country Life*, vol. lviii, p. 1008.

FIG. 411. A panel of the iron gate to the east entrance under the pediment (FIG. 356) by the French smith, Jean Tijou, who revolutionized such smithing in



c. 1694

FIG. 411.—A panel from a wrought-iron entrance gate at Hampton Court Palace.

William and Mary.

England. Until his advent, this smithing retained its medieval character and simplicity. FIG. 412. A wrought-iron grille at Winchester, which is a typical



c. 1100.

FIG. 412.—A wrought-iron grille at Winchester.



Seventeenth century.

FIG. 413.—A wrought-iron casement hinge, handle and stay.

example of medieval smithing. FIG. 413. A wrought-iron casement hinge, handle, and stay in the medieval smith's manner, which continued in vogue in



c. 1690.

FIG. 414.—A brass rim lock from a door to the First Presence Chamber at Hampton Court Palace.

William and Mary.

England until superseded by Jean Tijou's work. FIG. 414. A brass rim lock in the First Presence Chamber, enriched with pierced, applied ornaments.

A Free Commentary.

By Junius.

THE movement for the preservation of the remaining amenities in rural, and for mitigating the abominations of urban, England grows apace. The *Daily Telegraph* has recently taken a hand, with Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. Lloyd George, sundry peers, knights and notables in support. Sir William Crawford, the enlightened director of a large and efficient advertising organization, not letting his right hand know what his left may be doing elsewhere, writes in passionate praise of the English countryside. "Is Saul also among the prophets?" says the unbelieving uncommercial Englishman. Yes. And let us be thankful for it and not too curiously inquire. Messrs. Eno, who are clients of Sir William, have recently passed a self-denying ordinance binding themselves not to place their posters and signs—which, indeed, are among the best in the country from the point of view of design—in any place where they are damaging to the higher interests of rural and civic beauty.

Incidentally, the *Daily Telegraph* reproduced a photograph of a noble beech, at cross-roads not to be named, against a background of lesser trees—a beech to whose trunk was fixed the otherwise admirable Michelin Bibendum with a double invitation to "fill up here"—with Petrol and with Tea. As someone has well said: "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place." This is the sort of thing which tends to make us tired, not with, but of the famous Michelins.

Recently a well-meaning village community council in Derbyshire wrote to SCAPA asking to be put on the track of a really good design for telephone poles. The answer to that is easy. The present telegraph poles are an excellent design, simple, effective and now, by custom—which is much in these matters—acceptable. Let not some guileless artist architect be tempted to give himself away.

I have recently seen, from the heights of Whipsnade Park, a row of grey-painted, steel-lattice pylons stretching across the valley below. The cables are not yet attached, but the impression shared by my two very intelligent companions was that the prospect will be—if not precisely, as Mr. Sickert asserts, improved—at least, not marred. There is, it seems to me, no need to be unduly anxious about the engineer-designed pylons, provided no art-knobs are stuck on by aesthetically disposed authorities. If the cables are to be carried across the tops of such ranges as the Sussex and Wiltshire Downs, with their lovely sensitive outlines, a tunnel might well be cut at the hill-top to avoid the unbearable disfigurement at that point.

A last word—for the moment—on this matter. A zealous and enlightened local authority has failed in an action under its by-laws against an advertiser for injuring the natural beauty, on the grounds that the landscape only consisted of ploughed fields! And does not every magistrate and every advertiser know that there can be no possible beauty in ploughed fields? Ploughed fields, indeed! What next? . . . I remember one advertising man telling me with pride that he had just fixed up a contract at a well-known watering-place for outlining the spars and rigging of an old windjammer with electric bulbs, and adding the name in giant letters of a well-known cigarette, thus, no doubt, relieving the inhabitants and visitors of the monotony of a bare expanse of dull sea, and a haphazard collection of stars and/or clouds. What are you to do with people like this but beat them starkly on the head with stout staves till they be dead.

The knightships conferred on Mr. Lawrence Chubb and Mr. Emery Walker have given great pleasure to those who know the record of these good men. Sir Lawrence, as he will be by the time these paragraphs appear, has, as Secretary of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, saved for the people something near 400,000 acres definitely threatened with enclosure and definitely stopped the new enclosure movement by skilful

drafting of bills and clauses of bills (see in particular section 194 of the Law of Property Act of 1925). The private citizen has also been confirmed and fortified in his rights of access to common land. Over a thousand pathways a year have been kept open against the encroachments of the astute, the callous and the acquisitive. As Secretary to SCAPA, putting in two (or three) men's work for one man's pay, he has taken out his sling and struck more than one advertising Goliath plumb in the forehead; and as general secretary of the Playing Fields Association he has done further good work. A doughty knight, indeed!

And as for Sir Emery, he made among many other good things the Doves Bible (with the late Mr. Cobden-Sanderson); and if that, still the most splendid, because splendidly simple, book produced in this forty years' English renaissance of fine printing, is not worth a knighthood we should like to know what is. Both decorations show that His Majesty's present Government is being intelligently advised and is intelligent enough to take advice.

I read with dismay in a school magazine that "fifteen boys have taken up fretwork this term." Fretwork is not a thing to be taken up. It is a thing to be taken out and burned with awful ceremony and a gloomy address by the headmaster to the effect that any boy daring to commit it will be sent home to his parents as a moron. This thesis cannot be here argued at the length it deserves. I merely state the true dogma for the acceptance of the faithful.

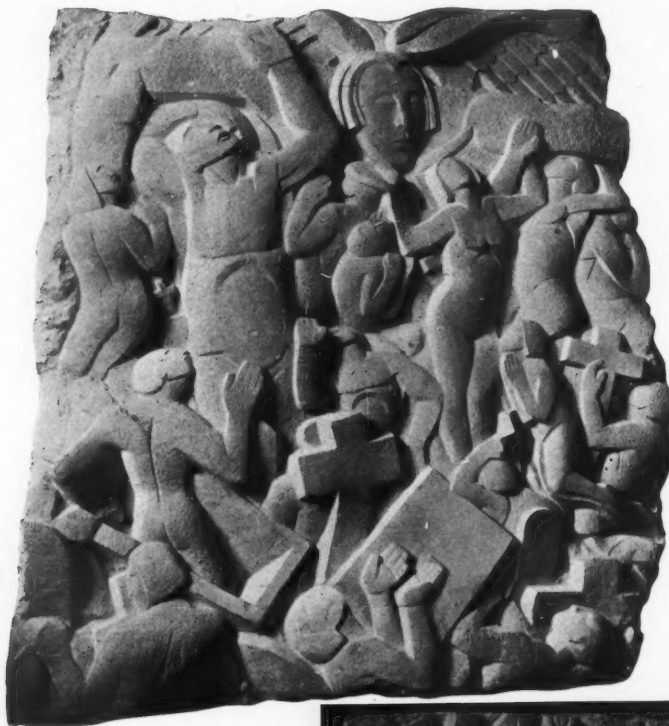
The Victoria and Albert Museum have sent me four little sixpenny books illustrating certain of their treasures. The illustrations, in mechanical photogravure (known to the trade as rotogravure), are excellent. The type is legible and decorously arranged; the title page somewhat uninspiring—it would be the better, I think, for a cut of Mr. Kruger Gray's royal coat-of-arms; the cover is a little on the sombre side. But South Kensington always does these things passably well.

The two catalogues of the forthcoming British Industries Fair are, with the exception of the cover of the London catalogue, produced with that technique of business-like squalor which we have learned to associate with this fair and which harmonizes well with the slatternly layout of the exhibition itself, which must make Continental buyers (if any) "gasp and stretch their eyes." I will allow that the London edition is orderly and legible, and admit that is a great deal; though the advertisers in general seem to have learnt nothing about legibility, balance, selection, ingratiating address. The Birmingham advertisers make a better showing, probably because they are oftener selling good solid things like machines, stampings, castings; while London is selling art pots and whatnots and acts accordingly. A mournful affair!

The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments sends Vol. III (Roman London) of its *Inventory of Historical Monuments (England)*. The type is legible in itself, but betrayed in the first half of the book by being set in too long a line (6½ inches when 4½ inches would have been just too wide). The second half of the book, set in a smaller type, is consequently easier to read. The type panel is badly placed on the page. The casing and cover design are good, and the title-page not ignoble. But a good opportunity is missed for lack of care or of rudimentary—nay, by now, elementary—knowledge.

Volumes XI (Chelsea, Part IV) and XII (All Hallows, Barking, Part I) make a much better showing. But why case the paper-covered edition with overlapping edges (known to the trade, I believe, as yapp and popularized in the Victorian era for leather-bound prayer books, bibles, and Omar Khayyams)? Place the book on a shelf or send it though the post, and your overlapping edge turns, breaks and looks for ever miserable. Strange practices practical men indulge in under the banner of Artiness!

As for the catalogue of the Italian Exhibition, that is enough to make the late Aldus Manutius turn in his grave and snort with fury.



Above. THE RESURRECTION. Centre. THE CREATION. Below. EVOLUTION.

Sculptor:
BAINBRIDGE COPNALL.



A New English Sculptor.

By Myras.

BAINBRIDGE COPNALL is a South African, born at Cape Town in 1903. He studied drawing and painting at the Goldsmiths' Institute, and from 1923 to 1925 at the Royal Academy Schools. Against his inclination he paints portraits, but follows his real vocation of carving stone at Slinfold in Sussex. He holds the firm belief that the shape of any stone or other piece of material should itself hold the fundamental inspiration which the artist needs before he can realize abstract expressive form. Another tenet of his faith is that it is wrong for a sculptor to try to make his form resemble flesh and bone, and that stone should look like stone, marble like marble, wood like wood. So he does not make a graphic plan, nor a plastic model, but carves direct and achieves only a glyptic result. For the present most of his carved work is of religious subjects, but he is equally ready to attack pagan.

THE RESURRECTION.—This relief does not realize the profound significance of the idea embodied in the Resurrection. It is a meagre representation by means of abstract forms and Christian symbols of a scene similar to those of The Nativity in Giovanni Pisano's pulpit-reliefs in Siena Cathedral, or the Last Judgment on the same artist's pulpit at Pisa. These were human, if occasionally grotesque. This relief is abstract, so far as any form of art can be abstract, but not abstract enough, seeing that the symbolism of the human body, the coffin, and the cross, are all exploited. The relief is more pictorial than abstract, but it is stimulating; a crude striving after individual expression dealing inadequately with a great idea. It is a gallant attempt to get away from the Renaissance sculptors, but it requires to be seen in a setting in order properly to compare it with past work which invariably had a setting. It is in Portland Stone, is 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 9 in., and must be regarded as a fragment or detail of a larger design. **THE CREATION.**—A panel in Portland Stone, 3 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 3 in. The sculptor has adopted the convention established by Epstein in Rima and followed in The Temple of the Winds. Earth, moon and stars, and man, are not here created as in Genesis but are suggested by crude symbols, and the figure, cut off as to head and arms as in Rima, is a contorted piece of human symbolism. **EVOLUTION.**—A three-quarter length figure in Portland stone, 6 ft. high.

Symbolic, dynamic, protesting, rejecting, the figure hardly suggests the great time-force of the Universe. The loin cloth is elementary and unmeaning, the base too crude for the expression of the mighty void preceding life. If abstraction means an abstention from direct statement, then the figure is abstract—modified, however, by an ample allowance of naturalism.

This sculpture is of importance as a breakaway from that of the accepted masters. In the round it approaches somewhat to Egyptian: in relief to Indian. It does not imitate either, but is an effort towards expression by means of primitive suggestion.



Modern Decoration in France.

By P. Morton Shand.

Technique du Décor Intérieur Moderne. By GUILLAUME JANNEAU.
Paris: Editions Morancé.

MJANNEAU, who is "Administrateur du Mobilier National" besides being "Professeur à l'Ecole du Louvre," has written an excellent critical, though happily untechnical, survey of the modern movement in furniture design and interior decoration in France. For other countries, however, he shows himself to be neither a very reliable nor a particularly well-informed authority.

Starting with the Paris Exhibition of 1889, "which showed that if there was still no modern *art*, there were at all events plenty of modern *artists*," he divides the forty years covered by his review into the rustic and *art nouveau* era, that lasted into the first few years of the present century; the vogue of the *ensemblers* between 1904 and 1914, whose extremists merely echoed fashionable effects; and the advent of the "constructionalists" in 1919, the now triumphant *avant-garde* of whom treats the home simply as a *machine-à-habiter*, a stylized and sterilized sleeping-bag. M. Janneau maintains that the last of these dates marked the definite repudiation of the old superstition that a new movement in art could not hope to prevail unless it first succeeded in capturing the patronage of the artistic and intellectual *élite*. The three events which, in his opinion, have been milestones in the evolution of modern decorative design were the Paris Exhibition of 1900, Leo Bakst's Russian Ballets in 1909, and the exhibition in Paris of the work of the Munich School in 1910. (Indeed, he asserts that the Munich sculptor-architect, Hermann Obrist, was the real founder of Cubism.) 1914 might almost be added as a fourth, for in this year J. E. Ruhlmann exhibited his first suite.

M. Janneau has much of real interest to say about the first of these periods (the bamboo and Indian brass age in England) in which allusive botanical ornamentation invaded the structural lines of furniture and finally disguised them so completely that the different parts of chairs and tables were often jointed in imitation of the sinuous ramification of branches and twigs sprouting from a single tree-trunk. The aesthetic of Hector Guimard consisted simply in the renunciation of all straight lines. At least one critic of the day had the courage and perspicacity to protest that "the pretension to inform household objects which we see and touch daily with the sentiment of a flower is an intolerably nauseating affectation." The lamentable decadence in design between 1900 and 1910 was largely owing to the apathy of public interest in the structural elements of furniture and the facile popularity enjoyed by each successive ornamental mannerism, however outrageous. It was typical of the amateur spirit of this phase that when the Société des Artistes was

formed in 1904, the first *concours* organized by its members was for the *ensemble* of an actress's dressing-room.

The outstanding figure of the two decades of *art nouveau* was Emile Gallé, famous for that astounding dining-room table which he proudly called "The Kitchen Garden," in reference to the vegetable motifs employed in its overburdened and excrescent decoration. Gallé, whose fine craftsmanship was spoiled by copying Nature too closely, wrote the most extraordinary didactic descriptions of his own designs, in a style reminiscent of Huysmans, which contained much rhetorical talk about justice and the perversity of man. He could never understand that, in Anatole France's words, "to show everything is to leave nothing to be seen." His pet theory was that one can never know whether one's own age has a style or not, because as soon as a style becomes discernible it is no longer contemporary, and therefore, like all other styles, purely a matter for the historian of art. With the School of Nancy "organic" succeeded "capricious" curves. There were also hybrid variants of the two rival curvatures for which Louis Magne declared there could be no possible justification. "A work of art can only express one use. If it expresses one idea as well we ought to be satisfied. To expect it to express two is to ask too much." Edmond de Goncourt compared the dressing-tables of the Bing School to dentists' spittoons. Grasset denounced the fetish of "form that is simply useful and limited severely to its single function." His pithy retort to the contention that a "function well stressed is beautiful in itself" was, "in that case a flayed body is more beautiful than one covered by its skin."

The "Cartesian" architects of the first decade of the century, men like Charles Plumet and Henri Sauvage, used to boast that they "made houses to measure." M. Janneau finds this "a significant expression," because it implied that they were ready to satisfy "the private needs of their clients." Doubtless it was for "individualistic" France, where even now public opinion hardly questions the dogma of living in uniform blocks of *appartements*; but it has no sense when applied to countries like England in which clients have usually had a very clear idea of the houses they wanted and insisted on their architects designing them in accordance with their wishes. In any case, Sauvage's "bespoke" homes display much of that same deplorable extravagance of taste for which *complets pour Messieurs* "signed" (for all "artists," including tailors, "sign" their work in France) by French tailors have long been notorious. M. Janneau claims that Sauvage was the first architect to lower dining-room windows and to design dining-room furniture, such as sideboards, with emphasis on its breadth rather than its height, on the principle that a dining-room is only seen from the angle of persons seated in it. It seems hardly necessary to point out that, with the exception of hall, kitchen, and pantry, all other household rooms are likewise far more often seen by people sitting or lying in them than by people standing up in them.

Jacques was a craftsman who deserves to be mentioned if only because he anticipated the inhibitions of our modern Purists with the slogan *L'objet d'art, voilà l'ennemi!* which was to be re-echoed in a still more sweeping form in the present day by the Austrian Adolf Loos's battlecry of "ornament = crime." M. Janneau says that Le Corbusier, whom he considers as a sort of Nietzschean *Verkündiger*, would seem to be more difficult for Latin individualism to tolerate than other equally iconoclastic prophets, because

he seriously imagines—and this, too, in France!—that society will find pleasure in subjecting itself to discipline. His naïve belief in the zeal of the huge staffs of servants that would have to be employed in his communal barracks is positively amusing. Is this destructor a good constructor? It may be doubted. The new Messiah is something of a visionary.

Viollet-le-Duc defined a building as “an enveloped necessity.” M. Janneau says it would be amazing to realize the obsolete constructional conventions, as pointless as they were tyrannical, which the nineteenth century submitted to in the “envelopment” of its homes if one did not know the mystic respect that mankind has always evinced for the authority of society.

There is little danger that the parallelism of the new standardized decorations to which we are tending will ever become as monotonously uniform as the inevitable Louis XVI panelling of the majority of Paris flats.

The artist who composes his *ensembles* with such meticulous perfection that it is impossible to change the position of a chair without disturbing their arbitrary harmonies shows that he has misunderstood the very principles of interior decoration. If there is one kind of decorative originality more legitimate than another it is that of the actual occupant of the house. Artists object that their clients have no personal taste. This is a mistake, which is owing to the fact that a client's taste is more often only revealed by his negative reactions to the decorator's. . . . Wagner changed the colour of the hangings of his study according to the particular mental atmosphere he needed for composing his various operas. In a rather tempestuous manner Futurism has tried to concretize the whole psychology of the association of images.

Delacroix declared that “the vulgarity of particular shapes is of secondary importance compared to the vulgar futility of thought which creates them.” It is a strange but apparently immutable fact that new inventions never find their logical forms straight off. The protagonists of the new impersonal style, who have been influenced by the rhythms of successive geometric shapes traced in space by bodies in propulsion, such as ships, trains, and motor-cars, consider it shocking manners to waylay the passer-by in order to inform him of the needs, tastes, habits, and even the actual infirmities of the inhabitants of a house. Yet they insist that their Euclidian designs express emotions. Perhaps; but if so they are singularly frigid ones, though not necessarily the less intense for that reason. All the same, it must be frankly admitted that these new interiors lack what De Goncourt called “*l'air d'une grande maison*.”

What is more fragile and transitory than elegance, the refinement of a prevailing fashion? Decorators, who a few years ago fondly considered they were poets, have now transmogrified themselves into masters of formal logic. Auguste Perret knows how to impart to the cube of space confined within a room significance and even charm. Pierre Chareau's basic principle is that style in interior decoration is the result of creating volumes within this given space. In other words, the imposition on particular pieces, or groups, of furniture of such volumes, such proportion of voids to solids, as will produce a rhythm, a harmonious balance between what Viollet-le-Duc called “*l'immeuble et le meuble d'un bâtiment*.” André Ventre predicts that the home of the future will be a sort of “neutral cage,” a blank canvas, as it were. . . . Unfortunately, a given style only really begins to please after industry has taken it in hand and started to supply the public with debased or vulgarized versions of it. It is for this reason encouraging to realize that everything points to the furniture and house decoration of the future being designed, not by artists who have seconded themselves to industry, but by artists called into collaboration by industrialists much as engineers are already.

A new style in art invariably begins with handicrafts—jewellery, ornaments, pottery, and furniture. Poland is now at this stage. A sustained artistic effort has never started with the work that seems to represent a fresh point of departure. Architecture is always the culmination of a long evolution.

There is a fundamental contradiction between the architectural and the decorative genius. Architecture should not solicit our admiration, because its spirit is in opposition to decoration and monumentalism alike. . . . The plan of a building is a

technical matter; it is an architect's job. But his task ought to be limited to supplying what might be called the algebraical solution of a given problem. . . . Are we about to witness the adoption of a sort of architectural Esperanto? It is possible. But the almost identical forms of architectural idiom with which the nations are now experimenting will soon have been assimilated by them. Then their universality will cease to be operative and nationality is bound to reassert itself, modifying and adapting this common syntax to particular tastes or renescent traditions.

It is heartening to find M. Janneau using his official authority to ridicule the truly parochial complacency of the French artistic mind.

Do we French really imagine that we alone possess a sovereign talisman, a universal standard of beauty? It is time that we renounced our egocentricism [M. Janneau could make a good start on his own account by spelling foreign words—if quote them he must—correctly, instead of perpetrating unconscious puns like “Sky Skrappers”]. We are no more than one of many European peoples; a nation which has often led others to the light, but which has just as often been inspired by foreign ideas and examples. Let us try to discard the puerile vanity of those races that believe themselves elect, and endeavour to judge the efforts of our emulators dispassionately.

None the less we soon get back to the familiar *hors de la France, pas de salut* attitude of mind, when M. Janneau comes to consider contemporary German work, which, he admits, he has only studied in reviews like *Innen Dekoration* and *Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration*. Although his tone is temperate and courteous, there is a good deal of the usual talk about “German heaviness,” mention of which enables French writers indirectly to flatter their own country on the score of its once proverbially volatile grace. That German is a long-winded language is triumphantly proved by M. Janneau's translation of *Wohnungskunst oder Raumkunst* into *la clarté, l'anet tété et la brieveté bien françaises* of “*Art du logis utilitaire, ou bien art de l'architecture spatiale*”! “German architecture,” he says, “makes more concessions to the poetic element than ours”: an element, it may be remarked, which is persistently invoked by all the French modernists. Indeed, M. Janneau himself can be susceptible to this typically Teutonic fantasy, as when he writes:

A staircase is a means of escape from all that the room it proceeds from contains; it is also an evocation of all that the same room does not contain. A staircase invites our reveries.

M. Janneau pays a warm and unqualified tribute to the present

brilliant superiority of the Scandinavians, among whom the creators of new designs have been content to make furniture and other fittings that were simply good and apposite instead of self-consciously original and extravagant.¹

Guide Italiano.

The Italian Masters. A Survey and Guide. By HORACE SHIPP. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE title was, *The Italian Masters: A Survey and Guide*. By Horace Shipp. With a Chat on the *Italian Masters of the Renaissance* by Flora Kendrick. Now of all words the word chat used journalistically is, in my opinion, the worst, and so much did it surprise me that a book by Horace Shipp should need to be improved with a chat by Flora Kendrick that I perversely turned to look for the chat before I read the book. Oddly enough,

¹ *Reviewer's Note.*—The passages quoted from M. Janneau's book have been freely grouped and paraphrased rather than literally translated.

Flora Kendrick and her chat were nowhere to be found, and it was in desperation that I finally turned back to the first page, gritted my teeth, and waded into Shipp in the hope that the chat would materialize on some not-otherwise-to-be-found page. (By the way has the Society for Psychical Research ever turned its attention to the fact—which every book-reader will vouch for—that certain pages disappear when you skim through a book looking for them, only shooting back between the covers (1) when you have given up the search in disgust; or (2) when you have decided to read the whole thing again in order to find them?)

So I read the whole book. Mr. Shipp has done his job with a simplicity and singleness of mind which will recommend themselves to those who know little of Italian painters and want to know more. The beginner ought to tackle Burlington House between now and March with a knuckleduster in one hand and this volume in the other. He will find both invaluable. Besides giving simple histories of schools and individuals, Mr. Shipp has managed to suggest the curve of growth which puts the painters and schools in a pelmanistic relation.

Amongst the on-the-whole quite adequate pictures at the end, one is lost once more in that ideal world which any single Italian picture (painted before, say, 1500—Sitwellian shades, avant!) can, with a kind of inexorable magic, summon up in that ether of the mind which exists between one's first critical thoughts and one's further desire to modify them. Reproductions of paintings, especially monotone reproductions, sometimes manage to convey effects which the poor painter aimed at but (in the original) never quite got. Accidental they may sometimes be, but I fancy not always. For instance, that inexpressibly significant line of gold which moves down the centre of the robe in Duccio's *Virgin Enthroned* (Plate I in the book and No. 3 in the exhibition) expressing the whole story of man in his "progress" and his pathos, comes out, I think, better in reproduction than in the original.

Another thing that recurrently astonishes one is the likeness in character between Leonardo and the carver who did the Smiling Angel at Rheims. A couple of hundred years or so separated the luxurious, horse-coperish man-about-Milan from that Gothic craftsman, yet across the abyss they nod at one another, exchanging the baffling kindness of an angel for the lovely half-smile of a saint.

But what of the chat? The chat by Flora Kendrick is nowhere to be found. As a last resource I turn again to the title page and read: *A Survey and Guide, with a Chart of the Italian Masters of the Renaissance* by Flora Kendrick. And there it is in all its glory, at the back, this chart of Flora Kendrick's. But O! you publishers and authors, what is the good of a chart to me? With scathing satire I had meant to reduce Flora Kendrick and her chat to jelly, and now I've been done out of it.

ADAM PROSSER.

A Measure of Form.

Esthétique des Proportions dans la Nature et dans les Arts. By Matila C. Ghyka. *La Pensée Contemporaine.* Nouvelle Revue Française. Pp. 452, 95 plates and 117 diagrams. Librairie Gallimard, 3 rue de Grenelle (6e), Paris. Price 40 francs.

WHEN *L'Esthétique des Proportions dans la Nature et dans les Arts* appeared in 1927 I happened to be haunting that most cosmopolitan of all cross-ways, the mutual cutting of the Boulevard Raspail and the Boulevard Montparnasse. I saw the book



A curiously fascinating comparison—the Smiling Angel at Rheims and the head of Leonardo's St. Anne from the cartoon at Burlington House. *Vide Guide Italiano.*

the philosophic psychologist spin possibilities from his own sole mind in the peace of a study; he now has his laboratory; experimental psychology is not only born but is already pragmatically applied to active life. And into the new psychology creep, as they insidiously creep everywhere, measure and the equation.

Will a metric of æsthetic sensation and of its cause ever become possible? It grows each year less easy to reply stoutly: No. M. Matila Ghyka's book is one of several (such as those of Sir Theodore Cook, Mr. Hambidge, Dr. L. D. Caskey, to speak of only two or three modern workers on such lines) which call attention to many strange associations between sentiment and recurring proportional measures. Oh, there is nothing new about the doctrine; Pythagoras and Plato had their little say upon the matter these many centuries since; but then times were not ripe for careful examination of the theme; they are only now becoming so.

M. Ghyka is no mean mathematician, as indeed one must not be to tackle problems which lie upon that frontier between science and sentiment, a frontier which has become strangely vague within the last three or four years especially—it was only on November 12 last, that de Broglie summoned the French Society of Philosophy to discuss the probable effects of the recent advances in physical science upon thought in general. The ever intriguing "Golden Section" is M. Ghyka's chief love, or perhaps I should say that proportional relation is the one of which means and method at present at our disposal allow of fullest treatment. But the realization that Euclidean geometry is only a special case of some more general system of the universal is now being forced upon us. To this M. Ghyka is not blind; to witness his chapter on entropy and the Principle of Hamilton, which expressed in its most general form becomes stationary in $\delta A = 0$, and upon similar relations in multi-dimensional space-time conditions.

I have myself much hope that many curious results may soon be attained in the direction of precise analysis of art, and as a result of the entirely new aspect of recent physical and metric science; a result which, before today, it was impossible to achieve.

But what the general reader will most enjoy in M. Ghyka's book will probably be the later chapters in which a keen examination of the essentials of different architectures, from Egypt to Ferro-concrete America, is presented in a way which shows their necessary sequence and inter-relation. It is a book which all architects would do well to read and meditate upon; for sin against proportion is a current evil; indeed, in architecture its commission, practically alone, divides nullity from genius.

VERNON BLAKE.

Craftsman into Artist.

THE four pictures shown on the opposite page have not been chosen because they were considered the best or most inte-

esting in the Italian Exhibition at Burlington House, but because they illustrate a sequence in the development of painting. In an exhibition so vast as this—there are about 900 paintings—it is only possible in this limited space to touch upon a few works.

It seems to me that with the introduction of the easel, painting separated itself from craft and became an art; that with the direct comparison of the work with the model there came impressions with which the artist had to contend and to reconcile with the work upon the easel. The emotional effect caused by the play of light and shade introduced mystery, vagueness and romance. The craftsman, on the other hand, had his

work upon its back on a bench. He selected his colour to suit the requirements of the design and thus eliminated any influences due to varying changes of colour and light; he did not compete with Nature but kept strictly to his plans.

In this series of reproductions it will be particularly interesting to notice the hands. A painter's skill in the treatment of hands usually gives us a good key to his abilities: in the Cimabue they are merely approximations.

In the Botticelli the hands are in positions where a knowledge of foreshortening is required, the realization of which has only produced a certain dumpiness; but there was to come a time when Botticelli drew hands as well as Raphael, in whose work we see perfectly drawn examples, the fleshy contours being exactly observed and very skilfully set down.

The hands in the Titian painting show the use of paint, not merely as a colouring agent but as a solid plastic material which can be moulded by the painter into the desired shapes.

The Virgin and Child, a portion of which is reproduced, attributed to Cimabue—though there are no pictures extant which can be definitely traced to him—is obviously the work of a craftsman, and reveals that his religious devotion exceeded his skill as a craftsman. It is in a sense abstract, and represents more a quality or condition than a materialization through the aid of models of any particular human types. There are no traces in this painting of anatomical knowledge, but it does not on this account offend us, because the craftsman never pretends to knowledge he does not possess. His serious attitude towards his work, the absence of any self-criticism and the total lack of humour, begets the same qualities in us, and we unconsciously accept his own estimation of his work.

* * *

In the Portrait of Maddelena Doni by Raphael, the line is still retained, though less obviously, because the shade is worked right up to the edges, and the line has now become organically one with the forms. Processes determine style. The Cimabue and the Botticelli are painted in tempera—a process that requires constant reassertion of the line—and although this painting is done in oil, it is handled more or less in the tempera tradition, but in it can be seen the beginning of the fusion of drawing with painting, and the artist appears; the painter was a later development.

The Infant Christ and the Little St. John the Baptist betrays the presence of transitional qualities—those of the artist-craftsman. This is evidently a very early Botticelli. I first thought that in its execution I could trace a definite system; that the inside of a form was shaded away from the line, and that the outside of a form was defined by a hard positive line. But I found that this was not so; and here perhaps is the beginning of the difference between the artist and the craftsman; the artist has no definite hard-and-fast rules which he cannot break, but holds himself open to catch from inspiration something which the moment might suggest and the taking of much thought could not foresee or bring about. In this little painting, after the forms had been modelled a rather naïve line was drawn round them as if the painter, with a sense of self-distrust, was not sure that the forms alone conveyed the message he intended.

* * *

Perhaps it is in Titian's Virgin and Child that we see the appearance of the painter. With the introduction of oil paint more scope was attained for combining paint and drawing at the same time and in one process. The painter cares for paint more than for the subjects he paints, which he treats merely to bring out the beauty he feels in the material of the paint itself. His work is always the translation of something into paint and never an attempt to translate paint into something else. Nearer our own time Manet was a supreme example of this type.

RAYMOND MCINTYRE.



Above. VIRGIN AND CHILD. Attributed to Cimabue. Below. PORTRAIT OF MADDELENA DONI. By Raphael.

Above. THE INFANT CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. By Botticelli. Below. VIRGIN AND CHILD. By Titian.

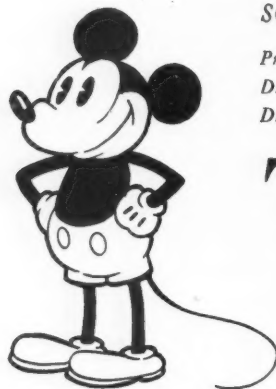
The Preposterous Rodent

THE MICKEY MOUSE SOUND CARTOONS.

Produced by ... WALT DISNEY.

Drawn by ... IWERKS.

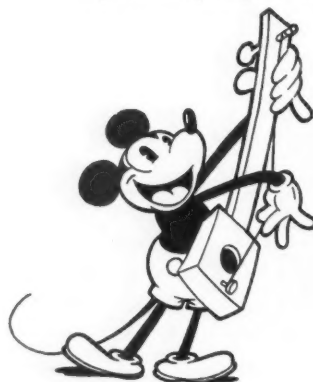
Distributed by IDEAL FILMS.



The intrepid Mickey Mouse does ridiculous things. We laugh, go home, recount his wild adventures, and return with our friends to laugh again. Judged by a cursory view sane men (and women, too) should not be so beguiled by bare absurdities. The phenomenon needs explanation.

Let us take an imaginary situation. A staid business man is walking down Kingsway. He reaches Bush House. Through an open window he catches a glimpse of a typist tapping her machine. The train of thought begun by this conjunction of circumstances, following perhaps a devious course, may end with the recurrence, in the mind of the staid business man, of the opening lines of one of Lear's famous Limericks.

"There was an old man who said, 'Hush,
I perceive a young bird in that Bush.'"



But the question as to whether the staid business man will openly admit, or consciously admit even to himself, that his train of thought followed those lines with that conclusion, may be safely answered by an emphatic No. In other words, his thoughts, arising from this conjunction of circumstances, are repressed, probably before they reach

his own consciousness. At the same time these thoughts exist and in some way or other will eventually find expression or release.

* * *

These Mickey Mouse cartoon films owe their popularity very largely to the existence, in us all, without exception, of these repressed, and, as we consciously believe, absurd connections of ideas. We laugh because our repressed thoughts, or unconscious associations of ideas, are suddenly released as it were by proxy.

* * *

The mouse, too, is commonly regarded as one of the most helpless of animals. No healthily-minded man (whatever his fellows may say) would consciously liken himself to a mouse. For this reason the mouse may be made to think and act absurdly without forcing on our consciousness a disconcerting reflection of our own repressed associations. The baboon, to instance another animal, has no such advantage, for has not Mr. Belloc told us, many years ago now, that:—

"— if he dressed respectfully

And let his whiskers grow,

How like this Big Baboon would be to Mr. So-and-So."

This release, or relieve, under conditions which save our vanity, from thoughts which, by reason of what we term their absurdity—more correctly their lack of practical utility—the censorship of our minds has excluded from our consciousness, is, as I see it, the real basis of our delight in the ingenious antics of Mickey Mouse.

* * *

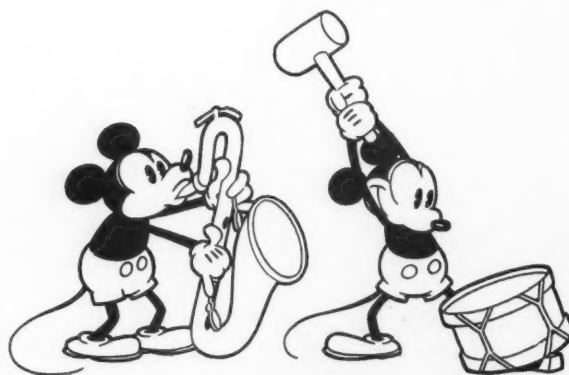
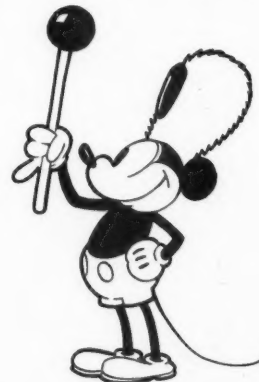
We will take for cursory examination, choosing at random, a single instance from one of these animated cartoons. This is a little incident from "Mickey's Choo-Choo."¹ Mickey's lady friend wishes to sit on the top of a covered goods wagon to play her fiddle. Mickey signs to the van and it *sits down*, like a camel. Mickey's lady friend jumps on top and the van *stands up*.

We laugh, but why? The answer of each of us would doubtless vary in detail, but in the main I see the sequence of ideas which leads to the final absurdity from which Mickey Mouse so obligingly releases us, proceeding along some such lines as these. We are going a journey—very prosaic—a goods van—loaded with bales—of valuable goods—in a van—precious merchandise—carried by caravans—in the East—on camels—and I should ride—if that van were a camel now—and—rude awakening: "All change for Belvedere, Abbey Wood, and Dartford." But the thought has arisen; somewhere in that dim region we call "the Back of our Minds" the thought persists: "If that van were a camel now!"

* * *

Gallant Mickey Mouse, for this
relieve, much thanks.
MERCURIUS.

¹ Those unfamiliar with the American language should here read:—Mickey's Puff-Puff.



THE POETS' CORNER.
A stained-glass
window.
Designer :
G. VAGNET



The Architectural Review
Supplement

February

1930

Decoration & Craftsmanship

OVERLEAF: *AT CLOSE RANGE.*

AGE cannot wither . . . With the possible exception of some of the women's heads in *Flora in Spring*, this is perhaps the most lovely that Botticelli ever painted. It represents a standard which everyone is willing to accept, for it brings into focus the vague ideas most people have about beauty.

The rope-like mass of hair accentuates the fragile charm of the face, to which it has been the painter's chief aim to do justice. The beauties he discerned are not allowed to fade into the shadows, but are brought out and enhanced by hard definite lines, the firmness of these lines preventing any descent into sentimentality. The expression of the eyes, and in fact the whole attitude of the figure, produces the most extraordinary effect of "otherworldliness."



AT CLOSE RANGE.

A description of this head is given on the previous page.

THE HEAD OF VENUS IN THE PAINTING, *THE BIRTH OF VENUS*. By Botticelli.

The Modern Italians.

By Yoi Maraini.



PERFUMES. A
handkerchief
stamped in colours.

Designer:
ELIO CAVALIERI.

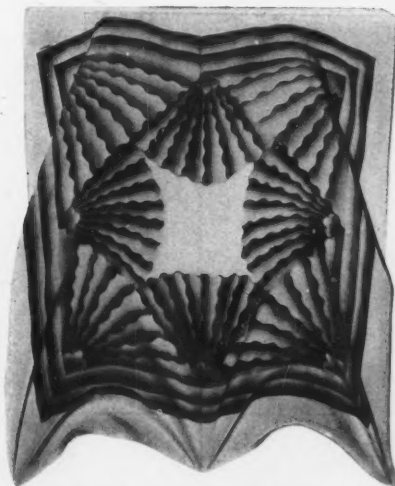
IT is not true, as some people believe, that Italy, the home for centuries of pure and applied art, so impressively represented in the present exhibition at Burlington House, lags behind in the movement that is urging the artists of Europe and America into designing furniture, ceramics, textiles, etc., suited to the modern house and to modern needs.

There is, in Italy, a great awakening in all the branches of decorative art, but this fact is not yet well known, chiefly because the men who are leading the movement are all true artists and, as such, lack the gift of advertisement. One has to know where to find them, and their work. I, through a fortunate chance, have been put in touch with most of them. These artists are building up a new school of decoration that is growing daily in importance and will before long give a wider scope for the talents of the first-rate workmen—in their way artists, too—who are at present kept at the soul-destroying work of copying the old.

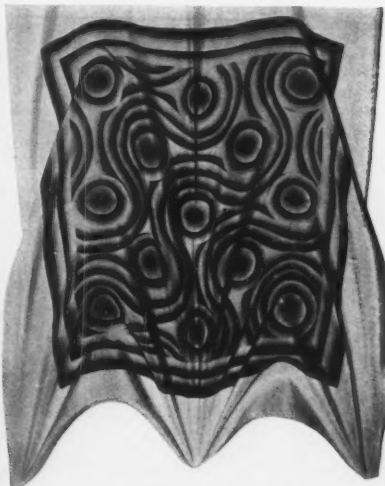
Gio Ponti, one of the directors of the International Art

Exhibition at Monza (an exhibition where, this year, we shall see all that is best in Italian decorative work, side by side with the best work of other countries), is, without doubt, the most talented of the younger architects, and is a famous designer as well. He can not only build a house in the modern manner, but, with truly Latin genius, he can decorate it, from cellar to garret, with objects made from his own designs. His ceramics and his exquisite porcelains, made at the Richard-Ginori factory at Doccia, are beginning to be appreciated all over the world. In this branch Andlovitz, too, draws charming and original designs, for the pottery made at Laveno, near Milan. Both these men, and also Saponaro, the sculptor, have succeeded in getting away from conventional patterns which, though they still have innumerable admirers, do not appeal to every patriotic Italian.

The making of glass shares, with ceramics, an important place in the industries of Italy. Out of these two ancient crafts have grown modern branches which more than hold their own with the good work of foreign glass-blowers and potters,

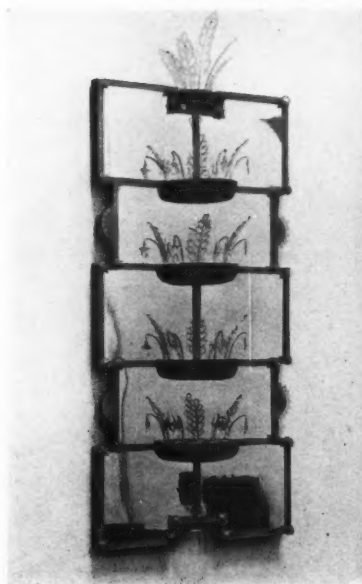


THE FANS. A handkerchief
stamped in colours.

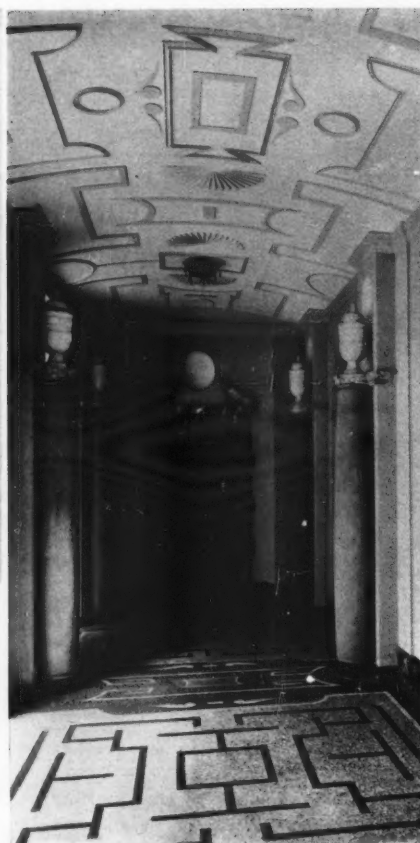


A handkerchief stamped
in colours.

Designer ELIO CAVALIERI.



A MIRROR with
concealed lighting.
Designer: GIO PONTI.



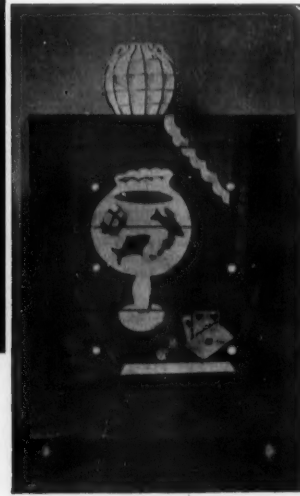
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Left and Right.
CHESTS OF DRAWERS in coloured wood, inlaid.

Centre.
A WARDROBE in coloured wood, inlaid.
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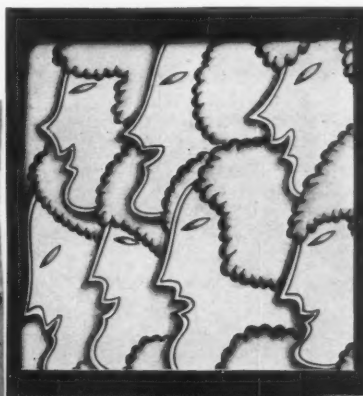
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Designer. G. GUERRINI.



Right. SOME OF MY FRIENDS.
A tile painted under glaze.
Designer. GIO PONTI.



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A WALL MIRROR.
Designer: DULIO TORRES.



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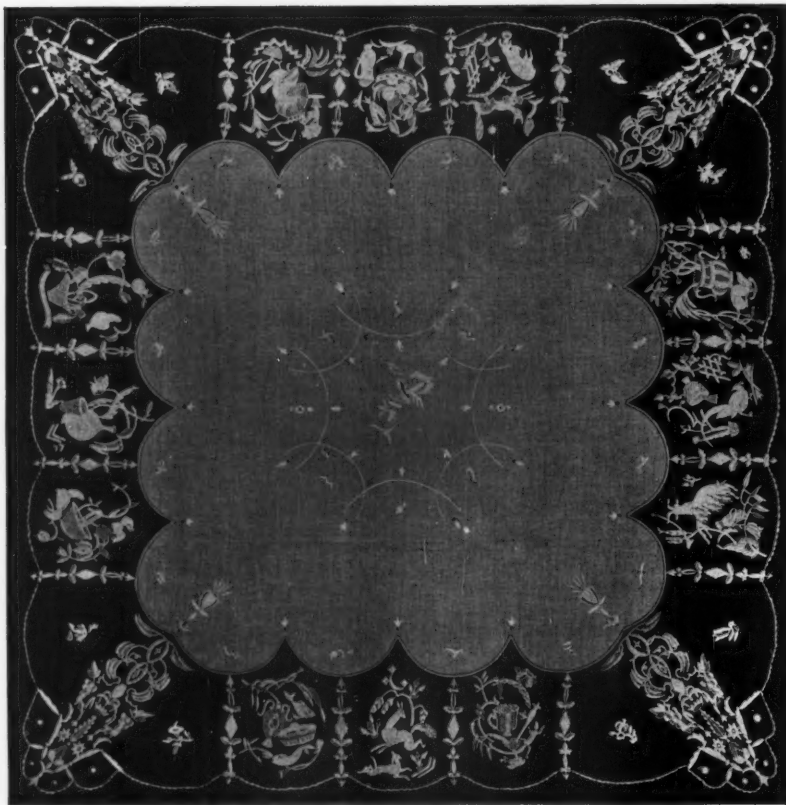
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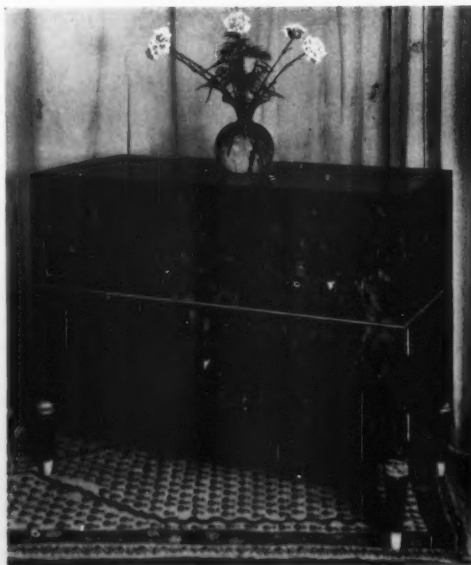
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Right. A *CHILD'S CARPET* in coloured wools.

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Above.
A FLOWER VASE and BOWL
in granulated glass.

Designer: N. MARTINUZZI.



Above.
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An etched crystal plate.

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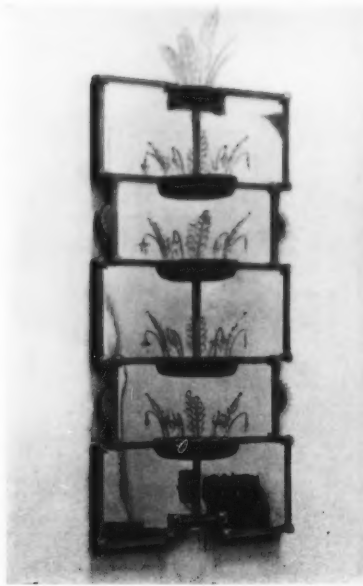


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CRAFTSMANSHIP.



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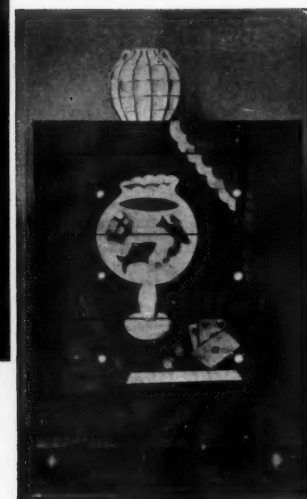


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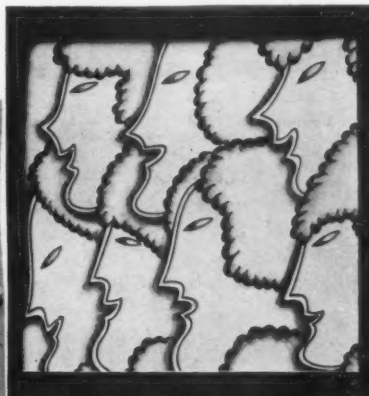
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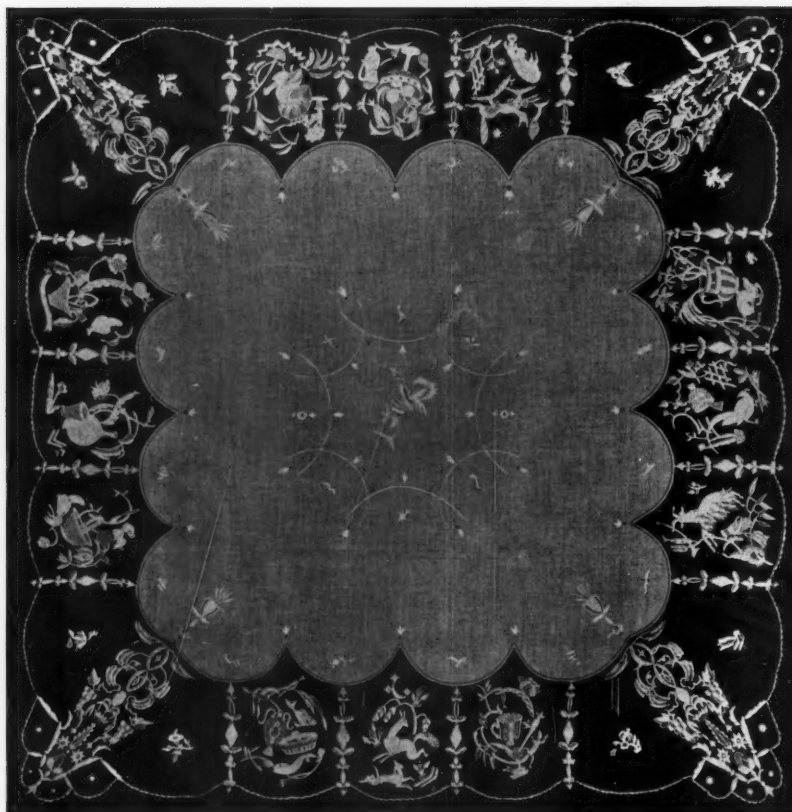
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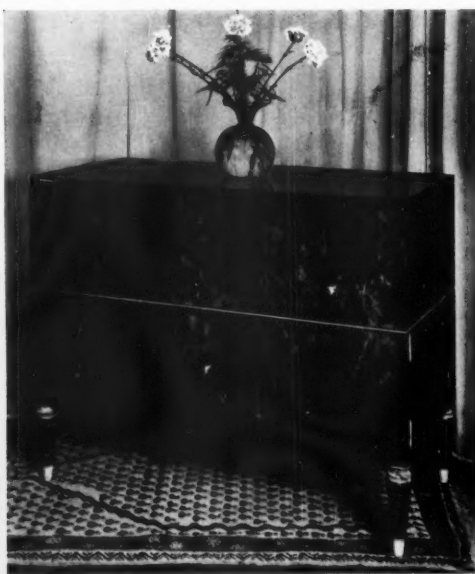
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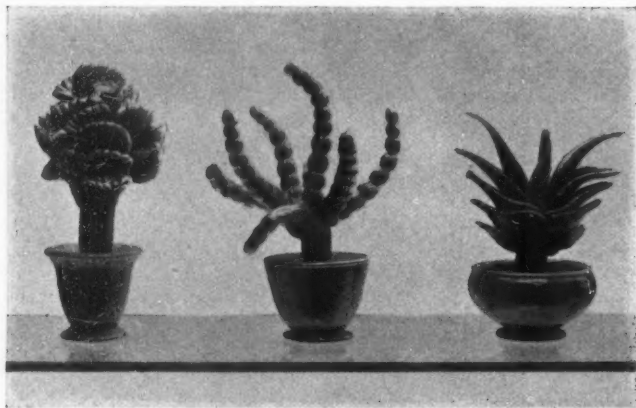
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Above. PLANTS and VASES in thick green glass.

Designer: N. MARTINUZZI.

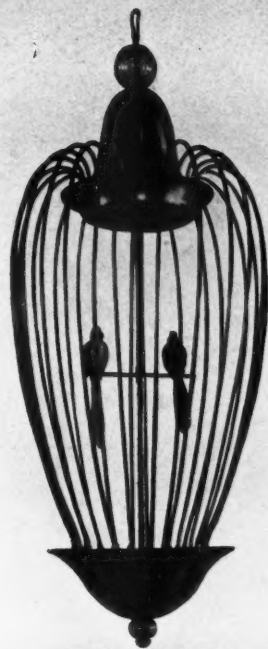


Centre.

A DANCING FIGURE in opaque dark green blown glass, exhibited at the Salon d'Automne, Paris.

Below. ORNAMENTS.

Designer: N. MARTINUZZI.



A BIRDCAGE in coloured glass with parrots in colour. A light is hidden in the bowl.

Designer: CAPPELIN.



LIFE BY THE ARNO SIDE.
An etched crystal vase.

Designer: BALSAMO STELLA.



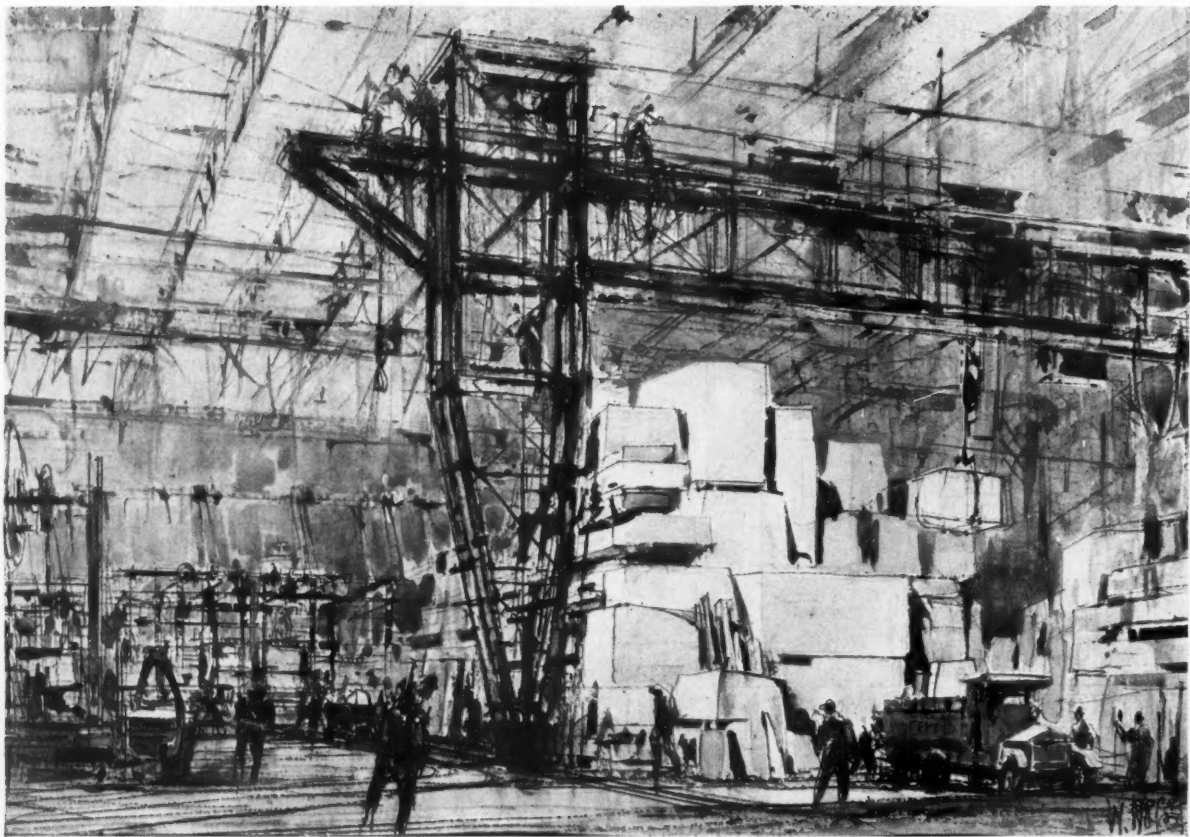


From the early days of this century careful men, men trained to give close attention to detail, have studied the application of the forms of exterior and interior renderings in true Portland cement mortar which are generally grouped under the heading of "Atlas White Stucco." Just as years of experience in production resulted in the "Atlas White" Portland cement of today—the standard by which all other makes are measured—so from the records compiled by the research and technical staff were born what have become widely recognized as the soundest form of advice to operatives—the "Atlas Stucco Specifications". In that field we admittedly stand alone. Cabinets and file-cases of actual field records and working data stand in my offices as convenient sources of authentic, indisputable evidence covering every class of employment to which white Portland cement concrete may usefully be put. I stand for high-grade Portland cement stucco in many colour contents and innumerable textural surface finishes. Write to me for advice or suggestion. Make "Atlas White" serve your needs, as it is serving the needs of many architects whose work has been given wider scope and increased beauty in consequence.

Regent House,
Regent Street,
London, W.1.

Frederic Coleman

MARBLE EXPERTS



The Mills and Great Crane at Whitehead's Works, Kennington.

From a watercolour by W. Walcot.

J. WHITEHEAD & SONS LTD
IMPERIAL WORKS
KENNINGTON OVAL, LONDON, S.E.11

HOW can the Song of Solomon be called a religious poem? the sceptic asks. "It is all about love-making and the charms of woman." . . . The Song of Solomon is a religious poem by interpretation, and to this work of interpretation charity has been brought for centuries, so that a religious interpretation is the traditional interpretation . . . but, towards modern works, so degraded are we by an almost universal utilitarianism and materialism, we instantly take up a hostile and uncharitable position, and assume as a matter of course that the poet is a lewd fellow. The same thing may be said of painting and sculpture, and, even, indeed, the decorative arts. Anything at all clear and definite in imagery is at once put down as an incitement to sin or a thrusting of an occasion of sin before the innocent and unwary, whereas it is very well known that it is not nakedness that is an occasion of sin, but the half-shown and half-hidden. In fact, when a man says: "I love the roundness of thighs" he may generally be understood to mean that he loves God; but when he says he adores "the hidden mystery in his mistress's eyes—the gentleness of her gracious touch" he may generally be understood to mean that he loves lechery. Irreligion generally wears the dress of politeness; those who love truth seldom love compromise. In religious times and places things are very different. In such times it is taken for granted that the human is a type of the divine; and the heavenly significance of any poem or painting is at once sought and found.

But the centre of gravity shifted in the sixteenth century from Heaven to earth, and men ceased to walk with God, and began walking in their own company. And they ceased to build churches, and began building country mansions. They ceased to make images of God and the saints, and began developing the art of portraiture. They forgot our Blessed Lady and remembered their mistresses. And it was more than forgetfulness; it was denial. It was more than inaction; it was iconoclasm.

Yet, in spite of the general ruin, religion has been preserved, and, in spite of the general degradation, there have always been individual artists who, though their customers and often themselves did not know it, were really seeing the universal in the particular, the Creator in the creature. Dante, for all the ridiculous romance that has been woven about him, saw in Beatrice and made of her a symbol of divine knowledge. Rembrandt, for all his interest in the anecdote, is really only concerned with the absolute Beauty. Cézanne, for all his interest in Nature, is really absorbed in God. Their customers cannot see it, and neither, very often, do ecclesiastics, for many see nothing in art but a sauce for sermons, and are utterly unable to see that a work of art may have, like Nature, an intrinsic Beauty and a supernatural value quite apart from any representative or useful or lovable quality.

It is clear, then, that if we interpret the Song of Solomon as a religious poem we do so because we choose to do so, and not because it is so labelled by its author. We choose to do so—first, because such is the interpretation given by the Church; second, because, in spite of the customs of this ridiculous age with its combined priggishness and vice, a religious interpretation is the only one that will stand the test of time. A naturalistic interpretation is found on trial to be impossible. The mind revolts against so elaborate a flattery of merely human charms. It is absurd. As a praise of divine love it is, indeed, inadequate

but as a praise of human love it is fulsome. How much better it would be if we were to apply the same remedy to all art, and seek in it divine rather than human praise. The sonnets of Shakespeare, for example, immediately become intelligible, and his dark lady at once knowable. The primitive sculptures and paintings of India, China and Greece, and the folk songs of all the world immediately take their proper place in the human chorus of praise and blessing. And last, and for us most important, the efforts of our own contemporaries become reasonable—the works of those who, called "Post-Impressionists," coming after that last dying flare of the idolaters, Impressionism, refusing to continue man's song of praise of himself, now dare again to utter absolute statements, and, however waywardly, and with whatever youthful flouting of your materialist and hedonist prejudices, again say in paint and stone: "Blessed be God; blessed be His holy Name."

ERIC GILL:

ART NONSENSE AND OTHER ESSAYS.

Marginalia.

For the first time for four hundred years the hand of Rome rests upon England, and London is presided over by a Madonna and Child. The Roman Church was certainly a good friend to the Italian artist. One is tempted to cry "No Popery—no painting," as one issues from the gates of Burlington House, remembering the state of Puritan gloom in which one generally leaves those preposterous portals.

* * *

Yes, the Roman Church was certainly a good patron. But she is a good patron no longer. In the English Church, of course, we can look back to those wonderful 'eighties, when all the artistic talent of England united in bringing about a second and more glorious Restoration. In honour of that mighty movement, Mr. John Betjeman has written a hymn which shall now for the first time be given to the world.

* * *

THE CHURCH'S RESTORATION.

(To be sung loudly to the tune of *The Church is One Foundation*).

The Church's Restoration
In Eighteen-eighty-three
Has left for Contemplation
Not what there used to be:
How well the ancient woodwork
Looks round the Rect'ry hall,
Memorial of the good work
Of Him who plann'd it all.

He who took down the pew ends
And sold them anywhere,
But kindly spared a few ends
Work'd up into a chair:
Oh! Worthy Persecution
Of dust! Oh! hue divine!
Oh! Cheerful Substitution!
Thou varnished Pitch Pine!

Church Furnishing! Church Furnishing!
Come, MOWBRAY, Swell the Praise!
He gave the brass for burnishing,
He gave the thick red baize,
He gave the new addition—
Pull'd down the dull old aisle,
To pave the sweet Transition,
He gave th' encaustic tile.

*Of marble brown and veined
He did the pulpit make,
He order'd windows stained
Light red and crimson lake.
Sing on, with hymns uproarious,
Ye humble and aloof!
Look up! And oh! how glorious!
He has restored the roof.*

JOHN BETJEMAN.

*Infirmary
Square,
Leicester.*

"Infirmary Square, Leicester," says a writer in the *Leicester Mercury*, referring to the "Rural and Urban England" page in the January issue of the REVIEW, "is qualifying as a dreadful example." He then makes some unexpectedly unjournalistic remarks. It will be remembered that the feature in question showed a tree-surrounded sculpture-group in a square at Zurich and a view of a similar square at Leicester treated—in the English manner—with a central feature in the shape of a very municipal convenience distinguished by the significant words "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN."

And yet [he says] it seems to me that some sort of defence can be put up even for Infirmary Square. Curiously enough, the most charming photograph on the page [of the REVIEW] is a representation of this modest open space with its small group of trees silhouetted against the sky line of the Royal Infirmary buildings.

Is the calculated beauty of the "posh" Continental square a thing which it would be well for us blindly to imitate? I am not so sure of it. Let us consider the attitude of the artists. Do they give us pictorial representations of Under den Linden or the Place Verte at Antwerp? They do not. They seek the shy beauties which appear mysteriously and unsought where men have dreamed and struggled and built humble houses.

This is surely a very discerning view. The best English things are always distinguished by a certain unpretentiousness. There are reserves of grandeur in an English square

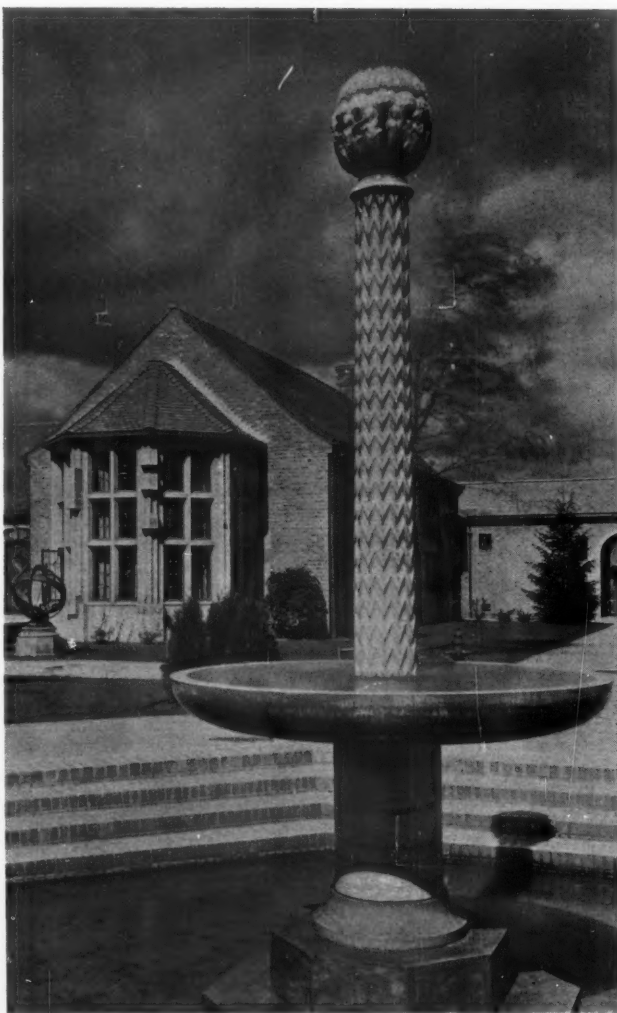
not denied, but certainly not surpassed, by the Arcs de Triomphe of this world. Our monumental work is unpretentious when it is good. One could almost lay it down as a rule that it is only bad when it tries to show off. Foreigners can show off. *Gloire* is very rightly the perquisite of the French.

There are the exceptions, of course: the Vanburghs, the Sitwells, and the people who — when the new Charing Cross Bridge scheme is decided by open competition — will send in Beaux-Arts balderdash with pylons at each end, because they think that is the way to be "civic." We suffer our Beaux-artists sadly, and our Sitwells gladly. The fact remains that—in dress and manners, food and architecture, song and dance, sport and literature—absence of pretension is the very base of English style. It is, in the strict meaning of the term, a matter of good form. One suspects that the negative phrase conceals a positive so elusive that the only way to approach it is to describe what it is not.

Take as an apt example the writing method of a first-rate English stylist like D. H. Lawrence. When analysed his remarks seem to consist entirely of colloquialisms. But Mr. Lawrence does more than try to express himself naturally — he tries to express himself in the

most informal and unpretentious way possible.

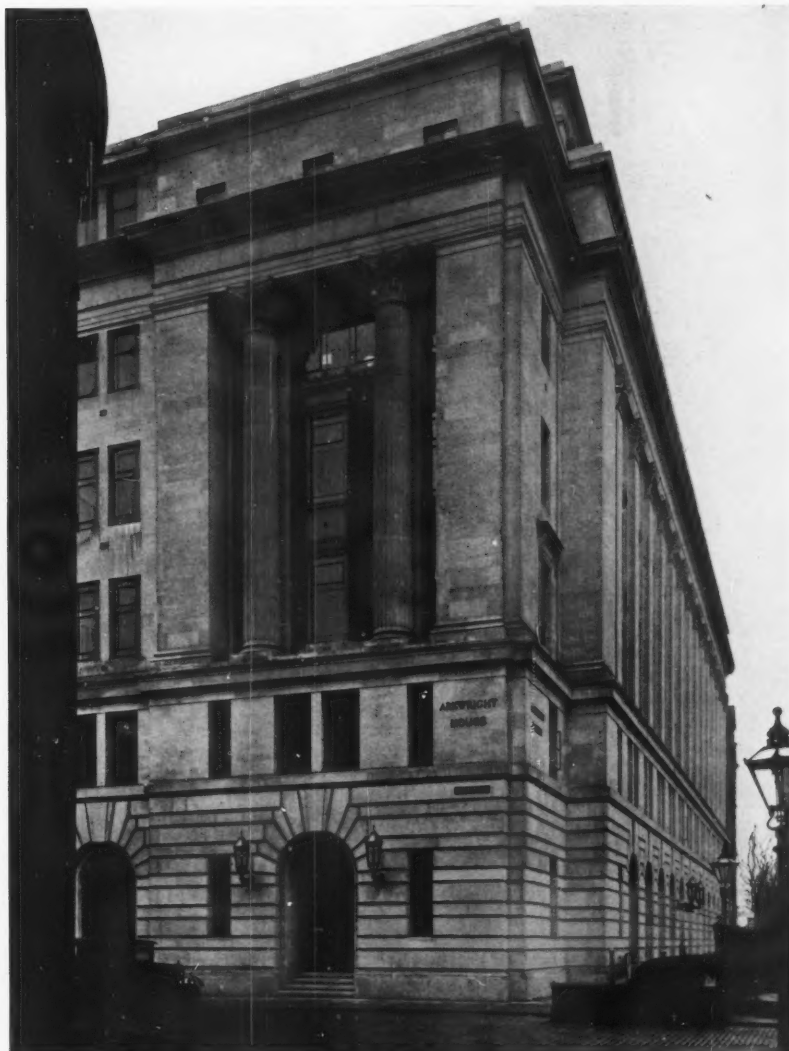
So there is much to be said for the views of the critic in the *Leicester Mercury*. There is, on the other hand, nothing, or practically nothing, to be said for conveniences regarded as decorations. Here is a type of architecture which should make a fetish of unpretentiousness. Leicester is not the only city which suffers from the inconvenience of the



A fountain in a Courtyard at Cranbrook School, Detroit.
From *The Architects' Journal*.

ARKWRIGHT HOUSE, MANCHESTER

The Head Offices of the English Sewing Cotton Co., Ltd.



THE sub-basement covers one-third of the site, and has its floor 25 feet below street level. The reinforced concrete was made watertight by the addition of 5 lb. of 'PUDLO' Brand waterproofer to each 100 lb. of the cement, and this work was done as part of their general contract, by Robert Carlyle & Co., Ltd., of Manchester. The architect, Harry

S. Fairhurst, A.R.I.B.A., had previously experienced the reliability of 'PUDLO' Brand waterproofer in the construction of a deep riverside basement to the Head Offices of the Bleachers' Association at Manchester, and again specified its use for the same purpose, and in the same way, in the new offices for the "Manchester Guardian."

'PUDLO'
BRAND
CEMENT WATERPROOFER

KERNER-GREENWOOD & CO. LTD., MARKET SQ., KING'S LYNN
E. & S.-St. Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.



The word 'Pudlo' is the Registered Trade Brand of Kerner-Greenwood & Co. Ltd. by whom all articles bearing that Brand are manufactured or guaranteed

WARNING

TO CABLE DEALERS

At the Tower Bridge Police Court on November 26th, on a prosecution instituted by the Cable Makers Association, a firm of Electrical Factors were convicted of issuing an advertisement regarding certain cables of Foreign manufacture without indicating the origin of the goods, contrary to section 5 (2) of the Merchandise Marks Act 1926, and fined (in all)

£6 and £15 costs

This action was instituted by the

C.M.A.

Regd. Trade Mark Nos. 422219-20-21.

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		Union Cable Co. Ltd.

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MARGINALIA.

convenience, and the verses by H. H. Peach published recently in the *Leicester Mail* might apply to almost any of our really progressive towns.

A LEICESTER BUILDING SONG.

*Our England is a country justly noted for its drains ;
(You may go to other countries for beauty or for brains)
In this fame for sanitation Leicester proudly claims a share,
For we're building a convenience in every little square.*

*Therefore "gentlemen" and "ladies," without any more ado,
If you want to come to Leicester there's a happy time for you.
Don't hunt about for beauty spots, you will not find them there,
But you will find a convenience in nearly every square.*

*There is one by the Infirmary and in Northampton Street,
Another where the Narborough and the Hinckley Roads do meet,
In Humberstone and Belgrave Gates, you'll also find one there :
But we dream of a convenience in every little square.*

*So good-bye to the Clock Tower, it will really have to go,
Simon de Montfort's memory can be enshrined below ;
Good-bye to poor old Mr. Biggs, he badly needs repair,
Let him point to a convenience beneath him in the square.*

*The fountain in the City Square fills really too much space,
To lose a central place like this was surely a disgrace ;
The garden seats and flower beds, we tend with so much care,
Should surround an Art Convenience within the City Square.*

*But now we glow with pride to think another site is found,
On our way to the Cathedral and near the Castle Mound ;
On such historic spots as these, we one and all declare
There must be a convenience in our latest little square.*

*Therefore, oh ! City Fathers, let nothing you dismay,
But true to your own civic pride go proudly on your way !
Secure that future ages will your reputation spare,
Your watchword "A convenience in every city square."*

*The
Advertiser
and Dis-
figurement.*

Mr. Peach's speech on "The Advertiser and the Disfigurement of Town and Countryside" at the Royal Society of Arts not unnaturally produced a fire of criticism. If the remarks published in the *Advertisers' Weekly* are representative, we may conclude that advertising agents in general are in sympathy with the movement for preserving the beauties of the countryside provided the countryside is not deprived of the beauties supplied by the advertising agents.

Mr. F. G. Sayer, of NASH AND HULL, LTD., voices the general sentiment when he says :

I certainly hold no brief for the advertiser who indiscriminately plasters walls here, there and everywhere with what may be justly termed blatant signs and posters, many of which may well upset the digestion of the discriminating traveller. In fact, I would go so far as to say that by the use of such signs in these days of culture and enlightenment, the advertiser is not only offering open insult to his public, but is actually wasting his money.

Now, if Mr. Peach and his Council would but accept this hint and use their energies in the endeavour to educate the public and the advertiser to the use of more artistic and better signs he would, in my humble opinion, be taking a much shorter route to the end he so much desires, and, furthermore, he will find many loyal helpers from members of such associations as the Master Sign Makers' Association, the British Poster Advertising Association, and the London Poster Advertising Association.

The Architectural Review, February 1930.

But this is only the jam before the powder. The tiger (*vide* "Karshish") is now about to pounce out of this extremely respectable gooseberry bush. Mr. Sayer continues :

Yet I would suggest to Mr. Peach that by his method of attack he is likely to do more harm than good to the cause he has so much at heart. Far better that he and his Council should first acknowledge the fundamental fact that in these days of keen competition, advertising of all kinds, be it by Press, poster or wayside sign, is an essential part of the equipment of the successful business man, and so long as the results warrant an expenditure he will continue to use every means of publicity available to him, and to the large advertiser.

So the cat is out of the bag. The successful business man is a kind, sympathetic, even a lovable creature, but touch his divine right to exploit anything and everything as well as anyone and everybody, and then see the old gentleman show his claws.

So, at least, says Mr. Sayer. But it is not necessary to conclude that Mr. Sayer is infallible. There are successful business men who do not see eye to eye with Mr. Sayer. To take only one example, Lord Bearsted, who is the head of the Shell-Mex group of companies, has laid it down that no Shell signs or posters shall in future be exhibited in the countryside or on garages. Whether Lord Bearsted, who is worth only twenty or thirty million, would be regarded by Mr. Sayer as a successful business man only Mr. Sayer can say.

At the same time Mr. Sayer's statement has two virtues. It is frank, and it does not take the name of his country in vain. Mr. J. A. Laidlaw, of LAIDLAW PUBLICITY, is definitely patriotic.

From Mr. Peach's remarks it is perfectly apparent that he has no concern whatsoever in the success of British manufacturers or products, neither is he concerned whether the country is successful in disposing of them as long as his little vision is not offended.

And Mr. E. Emerson, managing director of HARRIS THE SIGN KING, argues with consummate logic that

The most ardent motorist today, whether in favour of signs or not, will admit that the days of motoring for pleasure on the main roads are a thing of the past. Our main roads today are avenues of commerce, filled day and night with quickly-moving traffic whose one thought is to get somewhere in a certain time, and with very little thought or consideration as to the æsthetic value of the countryside.

Again, he must admit there are hundreds of miles of our main roads, ugly, uninteresting, and with no beauty to mar, where signs could be erected without offence to any broad-minded person who has the interest of our country at heart.

You will gather that Mr. Emerson, too, has the interest of our country at heart. When business swarms with such patriots it seems almost unkind to criticize. But let us give them one hint. Business—Big Business—is getting very frightened. It doesn't like the threatening attitude adopted by the great British public. It thinks, and thinks rightly, that posters which make the consumer swear that he will never buy the goods advertised, are a poor

MARGINALIA.

investment. Here is the opportunity for a really astute advertising agent. Posters are all right in the right place. Let him take counsel, seek out the right places, procure them for his sites, get them passed by the C.P.R.E., and publish the fact. He would find that the business man would be only too glad to get out of his dilemma by putting his advertising where it could not be shot at.

Obituary.

The peculiar importance of Lawrence Weaver lay in the fact that besides being an enthusiast and an idealist he was also a man-of-the-world. His sudden death is a dreadful blow, a calamity to architecture, and a tragic loss to his friends, amongst whom may be included the REVIEW.

* * *

Lord Riddell writes :

Sir Lawrence Weaver was a remarkable person—remarkable for his many interests and for his energy and enthusiasm. He rendered a real service in popularizing architecture and craftsmanship at a time when these important things were not receiving the attention they deserved. Having the gift of a ready tongue and a ready pen, he had no difficulty in making himself felt. He was continually speaking and writing about architecture and craftsmanship, not only in London, but in the provinces. Although a very practical sort of man, he was likewise a romantic, and loved to dwell on the romance with which his favourite subjects are imbued. He had a passion for fine work—plasterwork, woodwork, leadwork, brickwork, etc.—not necessarily expensive, but good. He was a great enemy of sham in furniture, architecture, and the like. He said, "Get the best thing you can of its kind, but do not let it pretend that it is something else. Rather a good piece of obviously new furniture than a fake which imitates the old." Naturally, his views did not always meet with general approval, but criticism did not disturb him. His object was to persuade the public to take an interest in the things around them. He wanted them to admire good design and good work, and often said that a true appreciation of fine work was a valuable mental support and stimulus. He has left behind him many earnest workers in the good cause, but no one exactly like him—no one who combines the practical with the romantic and the spirit of the preacher and reformer linked up with a due appreciation of the importance of pounds, shillings and pence in constructional work.

Clough Williams-Ellis writes :

There were many things that he did, and all of them he did well, valiantly and blithely. I think of him as this, and I think of him as that, in this situation and the other, loaded with work and responsibility, often with anxieties, yet never afraid, never defeated, always debonair.

To me he seems the pattern of the good adventurer, the man of parts and wiles, who delighted in his power over other men yet never used it basely.

His own generous response to whatever was fine in a cause or in a character awakened in others that devotion which unflinching surrounded him with a willing band of workers for whatever new adventure he might embark.

As prophet and reformer Lawrence Weaver could see many things wrong with the world—with art, with agriculture, and with industry. As a man of action he was quick to initiate practical steps to secure improvement, and untiring in his devotion to the causes he espoused.

The Architectural Review, February 1930.

He was a psychologist rather than a philosopher, though what he did perceive he saw with so clear and single an eye that his direction of those who accepted him as their guide and leader (and they were many) was both inspiring and effective because his aim was sure.

Lawrence Weaver was many things and many people, and, though he might have been less or more or very different under other circumstances, he would assuredly have made his mark and impressed his personality upon whatever career he might have chosen at all answerable to his talents. In diplomacy or politics, in the Church or at the Bar, as a journalist, an industrialist, or an administrator—in all these walks of life he would, I feel, have not merely succeeded, but have served his generation and his country well.

Asked of a sudden to point to an example of "Success," I think the busy, buoyant figure of Lawrence Weaver would have occurred to many of us. He would not, I think, have objected—he had achieved so much that he had set out to do, and more beside; he had prospered in the world, yet not by yielding to it, but by his gallant challenging of "the thing that is."

For a world in which such as he can flourish and be happy, there is hope. Had Lawrence Weaver's epitaph been that of failure from the worldly and personal point of view, of one disillusioned and rejected, it might assuredly have indicated a detached saintliness that he himself would have laughed to have attributed to him. Otherwise it would have meant that the world was unfit for a practical idealist who had the courage to show up its shortcomings with wit and eloquence and who, further, had the ability and energy to do or get done many of the things it stood in need of, yet knew it not until he showed the way.

All honour to our martyrs, but honour also to our happy warriors who, assuming that the world was essentially a decent place, have helped to make it so.

The causes of Architecture, of the Applied Arts, and of Rural Amenities are for ever in his debt; for each and all of them he wrote and spoke and worked untiringly, and to all of them his going is not only a bereavement, but a danger.

To us, his friends, he leaves a legacy of work that we will surely accept with gladness, for in doing so we shall best please and keep alive the keen spirit of a dear and valiant man.

* * *

Lawrence Weaver was born at Clifton, Bristol, in 1876, and educated at Clifton College. He trained as an architect, but turned to business, and for fourteen years was manager and director of various firms. Then he became a journalist and author, and in 1910 was appointed architectural editor of *Country Life*, a post he held till 1916, when he joined the Anti-Aircraft Corps of the R.N.V.R. Lord Lee of Fareham, who was at this time Director-General of Food Production, then appointed him as unpaid Controller of Supplies to his department. In 1918 he became Commercial Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, and from 1919 to 1922 he was Director-General of the Land Department, and Second Secretary in the Ministry of Agriculture. When the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley was organized Weaver became director of the United Kingdom exhibits. He was a member of many active bodies, including the Royal Commission on Cross River Traffic; chairman of the Ashted Potteries; one of the presidents of the Design and Industries Association; president of the Architecture Club from 1927; an F.S.A. and an Hon. A.R.I.B.A.; adviser to Lord Iveagh on the development of his Surrey estates; and a director of the London Press Exchange. In spite of these claims on his time he still found it possible to publish a great number of books, and to write innumerable articles. His books include *English Leadwork: Its Art and History*; *Small Country Houses of To-day*, in two volumes; *Gardens of Small Country Houses* (with Miss Gertrude Jekyll); *Lutyens's Houses and Gardens*; *Memorials and Monuments*; *The History of the Royal Scots*; *Sir Christopher Wren*; *Exhibitions and the Arts of Display*, 1925. He also contributed many articles to THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW,

INTERPRETATION



The New India Building

*Joint Architects: Briggs & Thornely, F.F.R.I.B.A.,
and H. J. Rowe, F.R.I.B.A.*

TRAVERTINO
A PERMANENT AND ARTISTIC MEDIUM
SUCCESSFULLY HANDLED, FULLY
INTERPRETING THE ARCHITECT'S
CONCEPTION. A HAPPY MINGLING
OF STRUCTURAL AND DECORATIVE
FACTORS.

JOHN STUBBS & SONS
MARBLE CRAFTSMEN
ESTABLISHED EIGHTEEN THIRTY NINE

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LIVERPOOL
PHONE 4950 162 ROYAL
GRAMS MARBLE L'POOL

32 ST JAMES'S ST
LONDON S.W.1
PHONE 7358 GERRARD
GRAMS PYRENEES PICCY

J. S. & S. Studio

MARGINALIA.

the most important being the *Tradition and Modernity in Craftsmanship* series. The first of these, *Plasterwork*, was published in February 1928, and was followed by *Furnishing and Shopkeeping* in June, and *Metalwork* in September of the same year. In January 1929 he wrote *Furniture at High Wycombe*, in February *The Design of Gas Fires and their Settings*, and in November *A Study in Laminated Board*. A further article which is now in the hands of the Editor will be published in April 1930.

The Charing Cross Bridge. The case for the Opposition and Sir Reginald Blomfield's Scheme.

Now that the case for the Opposition to the Charing Cross Bridge scheme has been placed before the Ministry of Transport, it is to be hoped that some action may be taken before it is too late. For of the many and varied suggestions and criticisms which have been made public in the Press during the last few months, all agreed in condemning the present contemplated scheme. The variety of these suggestions emphasizes the necessity of holding an open competition so that every possible idea and adaptation may be thoroughly explored and tested.

Sir Reginald Blomfield in a brilliantly timed letter to *The Times* of January 10 repeated a solution of the problem which he had originally proposed as long ago as 1925, namely, that the Charing Cross Station should be ignored altogether and left exactly where it is, that the new bridge should begin in the Strand near Charing Cross Hospital, and end at the junction of the Waterloo Road and York Road on the other side. This would obviate compensating the

The Architectural Review, February 1930.

Southern Railway, Coutts' Bank, Gatti's Restaurant and the Old Vic, and it would also save the expense involved in removing and rebuilding Charing Cross Station on the Surrey side of the Thames. Sir Reginald Blomfield looks on the Southern Railway as the "old man of the sea," an incubus to be thrown off as soon as may be. In this we heartily agree with him. The present scheme is not so much the L.C.C.'s as the Southern Railway's. Because it holds the key position it is trying to bully the public, the Government, and the London authority. If the Southern Railway—refusing to realize the extent of the opposition which its scheme has raised—remains obstinate, it would surely be more sensible for the L.C.C. to dissociate itself from the Southern Railway, and to hold an open competition on the lines Sir Reginald Blomfield has suggested.

★ ★ ★

In the New Year issue of *The Architects' Journal*, in addition to the usual articles and editorial matter, there was an article by Professor C. Reilly entitled *Landmarks of the Year* on the buildings of 1929; an article on the Cotswold mill buildings by Thomas Falconer; a special supplement on the new Sydney Harbour Bridge; Cranbrook School, Detroit, was fully illustrated; and there were drawings by Eric Gill and also three colour-plates. On page 108 is illustrated a fountain in one of the courtyards of the new Cranbrook School, showing the library window in the background. Eliel Saarinen is the architect of this building.

★ ★ ★

His Majesty's Commissioners of Works have published for the first time, in booklet form, a complete list of the monuments



Architect: A. McInnes Gardner, Esq., F.A.I.
A view in the Smoke Room of the M.V. "Southern Prince."

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to which State protection has been granted. Since 1921 a list has been published annually, but the present one is not only the first complete catalogue, but, in addition, contains a list of monuments which the Commissioners consider ought to be included in the number of protected works. The number of monuments actually under State protection, which here are marked with an asterisk, is lamentably small. The excellent work done by His Majesty's Commissioners in preserving, and assisting owners to preserve, irreplaceable national possessions, is perhaps not made sufficiently public. This booklet, which can be purchased for the sum of 1s. from His Majesty's Stationery Office, Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C., should do much to arouse interest and active co-operation.

* * *

Messrs. Lander, Bedells and Crompton, Chartered Architects and Surveyors, of 6 John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1, have taken into partnership Mr. Harold E. Moss, A.R.I.B.A., who was articulated to the late Gerald C. Horsley, F.R.I.B.A., and who



The North Transept of Peterborough Cathedral by Night.

has been in private practice for the last eight or nine years at 5 Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.1. The style and address of the firm will, however, remain as at present.

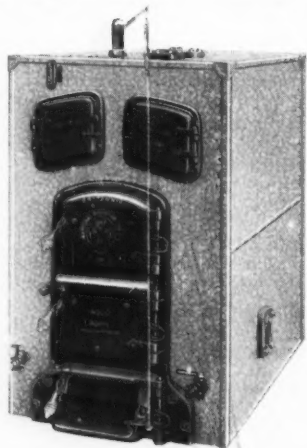
Trade and Craft.

The Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd., have installed their B.T.H. Lighting Equipment in many of the cathedrals in England, among which is Peterborough Cathedral. The cathedral had been lit by gas until 1925, when a small trial electric installation was tested, which was so satisfactory that the full scheme was at once entered upon. In order to give, as nearly as possible the same effect of light by night as by day, the lighting units have been hidden in the clerestory windows, and the shadows thrown are very similar to those made by the sun. The installation was carried out with the collaboration of Mr. H. A. Nevill, the Peterborough City electrical engineer and the Edison Swan Company's engineers. The illustration shows the north transept by night and on page lxxx the same view by daylight.

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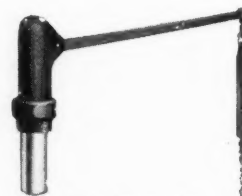
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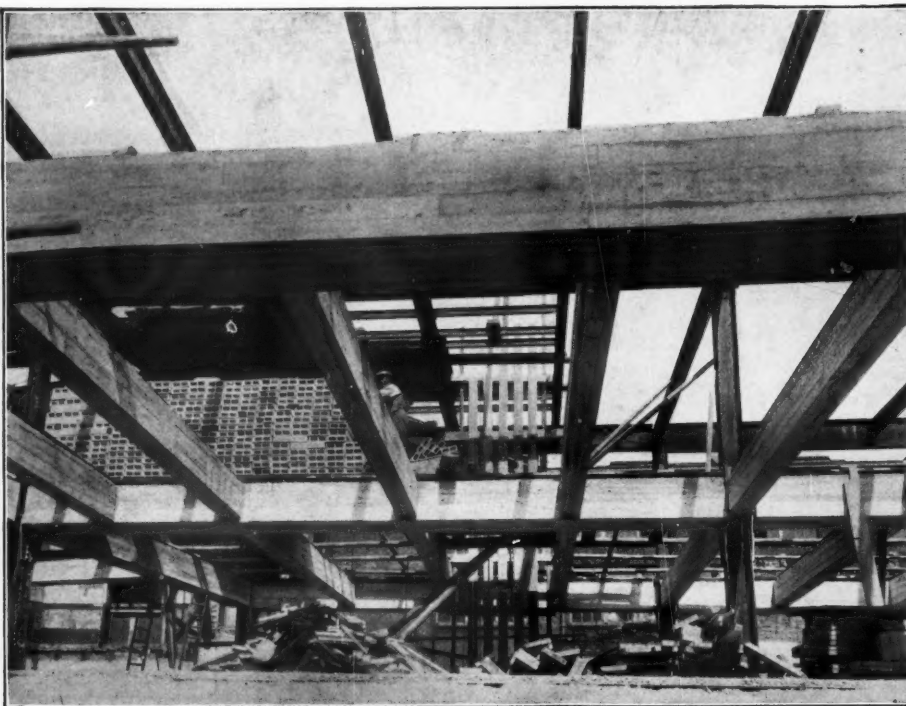
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The Tentest Fibre Board Company have issued a booklet to illustrate the work they carried out in the new building for *The News of the World*, in Bouverie and Whitefriars Streets, of which Mr. A. Alban H. Scott, F.R.I.B.A., is the architect. The booklet contains illustrations of different stages of work, with explanatory notes and drawings, and the application of *TenTest* to the ceilings. *TenTest*, which was supplied in sheets of eight feet by four feet, was used in conjunction with Messrs. Horace W. Cullum and Company's hollow tiles and concrete floors. These floors were designed naturally to support tremendous weights, the first floor being constructed to carry 3,000 tons of paper. *TenTest* was used on all the ceilings and also for the roof of the building, which was made in exactly the same way as the other floors. The illustration shows the iron girders before the filling in process had been begun.

* * *

Electrical labour-saving devices are rapidly becoming cheaper, and it is to be hoped that soon no house will be able to claim having "all modern improvements," which does not possess the latest electrical equipment. L. G. Hawkins & Co., Ltd., have lately produced an electric washer, the *Hera*, which they are

selling at the moderate price of £12 12s., so that it should be possible to include it in the less expensive type of house. It is claimed for it that it saves time, money—the cost of the necessary electric current being negligible—that is easy to handle, convenient in size, and that there is nothing to get out of order.



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Messrs. H. H. Martyn & Co., Ltd., regret that in their advertisement on page xxxvi of the January 1930 issue of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, illustrating the central figure feature on the large window to the premises of Messrs. Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, London, W., the architects were mentioned in error as Messrs. Graham, Anderson, Probst & White; this should have read Messrs. Graham, Anderson, Probst & White, and Sir John Burnet & Partners, Associate Architects.

Two well-known firms have combined to produce an innovation at the Savoy Hotel. This is the cabaret dance floor, which forms the ordinary dance floor until it is needed for the cabaret show, when it rises from floor level to the height of the tables which surround it. The Express Lift Co., Ltd., installed the floor; and the revolving shutters, which fill the space between the stage and the floor, are by E. Pollard & Co., Ltd.

The general contractors for Mells Park, Frome, were F. J. Seward,



The North Transept of Peterborough Cathedral by Day.

who were also responsible for the demolition, joinery, plaster, stonework, plumbing, and sunblinds. Among the artists, craftsmen, and sub-contractors were Manelite (concrete blocks); Colthurst & Symons (bricks); Bath Stone Firm (stone); Holmes & Co. (wood-block flooring); G. W. Haden & Sons (central heating); National Radiator Company (Ideal boilers); Western Electric Company (electric wiring and bells); Shanks & Co. (sanitary fittings); Elsley & Co. (door furniture); S. Bissel & Co. (window furniture); Sharland & Waddington (fireproof doors); G. Jackson & Sons (decorative plaster); Carter & Co. (tiling); and Wheelers (shrubs and trees).

The General Contractors for the garden at The Grange, Hackbridge, were Cheal & Sons, who were responsible for the stone, walling, pergolas, and planting; the extension to the house was carried out by J. I. Williams & Sons; and the wrought-iron work by the Kingsmill Art Metal Company.

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SALAMANDRE blanc and SALAMANDRE jaune.



Supervising Engineers and Contractors: Edcaster, Ltd.

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The North or corresponding Block is now (1929) in course of erection. The exterior stone-work of the above building is Salamandre Blanc. These stones, Salamandre Blanc and Salamandre Jaune, are "full of character." No other stones approach them in "quaintness," with their more or less Travertin texture.

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